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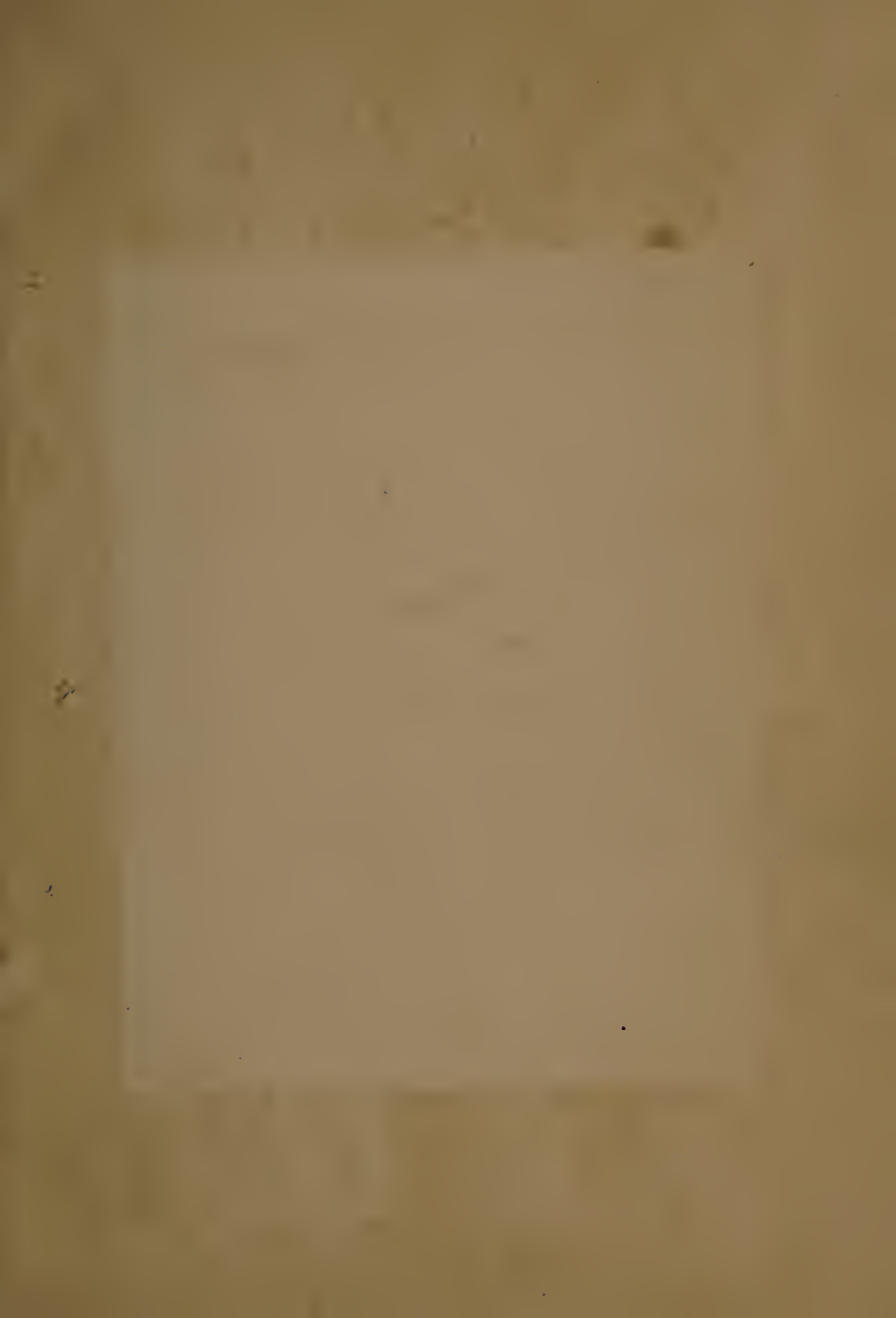


*Thomas Pennant Barton.*

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THE  
R A P E  
OF  
LVCRECE.

---

A true Roman Tragedy.

With the severall Songs in their apt places, by  
*Valerius* the merry Lord among the Roman  
Peeres.

The Copy revised, and sundry Songs before omitted,  
now inserted in their right places.

---

Acted by Her Majesties Servants at the  
*Red-Bull.*

The fifth Impression.

Written by THOMAS HEYWOOD.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by *John Raworth*, for *Nathaniel Butter*.

1 6 3 8.

THE  
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## To the Reader.

**I**T hath been no custome in me of all other men (courteous Reader) to commit my Playes to the Presse: the reason though some may attribute to my owne insufficiency, I had rather subscribe, in that, to their seveare censure, then by seeking to avoyd the imputation of weakenesse, to incurre greater suspition of honesty: for though some have used a double sale of their labours, first to the Stage, and after to the Presse: For my owne part, I here proclaime my selfe ever faithfull in the first, and never guilty of the last: yet since some of my Playes have (unknowne to me, and without any of my direction) accidentally come into the Printers hands, and therefore so corrupt and mangled, copied onely by the eare) that I have beene as unable to know them, as ashamed to challenge them. This therefore I was the willinger to furnish out in his native habit: first being by consent, next because the rest have been so wronged, in being publisht in such savage and ragged ornaments: Accept it courteous Gentlemen, and proove as favourable Readers as we have found you gracious Auditors.

Yours, T. H.

## Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Servius</i>	King of Rome.
<i>Tarquin</i>	The proud.
<i>Tullia</i>	Wife of <i>Tarquin Superbus</i> .
<i>Aruns</i>	} the two Sonnes of <i>Tarquin</i> .
<i>Sextus</i>	
<i>Brutus Iunior</i>	
<i>Colatinus</i>	
<i>Horatius Cocles</i>	
<i>Mutius Scevola</i>	
<i>Lucretius</i>	
<i>Porfenna</i>	King of the <i>Tuscans</i> .
<i>Porfenna's</i>	Secretary.
<i>Pub. Valerius</i>	
The Priest of <i>Apollo</i> .	
2. Centinels	
<i>Lucretia</i> ravisht by <i>Sextus</i>	
<i>Myrabile</i>	<i>Lucretius</i> Maid.
<u>The Clowne.</u>	






# The Rape of *Lucrece*.

## SENATE.

*Enter Tarquin Superbus, Sextus Tarquinius, Tullia, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Poplicola, and Senators before them.*

*Tul.*  Ithdraw! we must have private confe-  
*Tar.* With our deere husband (rence  
*Tul.* What would'd thou wife?  
*Tul.* Be what I am not, make thee greater  
 Then thou canst aime to be (farre:  
*Tar.* Why, I am *Tarquin*.

*Tul.* And I *Tullia*, what of that?  
 What Diapasons, more in *Tarquins* name  
 Then in a Subjects? or what's *Tullia*  
 More in the sound, then to become the name  
 Of a poore maid or waiting Gentlewoman?  
 I am a Princessse both by birth and thoughts,  
 Yet all's but *Tullia*, ther's no resonance  
 In a bare stile: my title beares no breadth;  
 Nor hath it any state: oh me, im'e sicke!

*Tar.* Sicke Lady?

*Tul.* Sicke at heart.

*Tar.* Why my sweet *Tullia*?

*Tul.* To be a queen I long, long, and am sicke  
 With ardency my hot appetite's a fire,  
 Till my swolne ferver be delivered  
 Of that great title queene, my heart's all Royall,  
 Not to be circumscribed in servile bounds,

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

While there's a King that rules the Peeres of *Rome*,  
*Tarquin* makes legs, and *Tullia* curtsies low,  
Bowes at each nod, and must not neere the state  
Without obeyfance, oh! I hate this awe, my proud heart can-  
not brook it.

*Tar.* Heare me wife.

*Tul.* I am no wife of *Tarquins* if not King:  
Oh had *Love* made me man, I would have mounted  
Above the base tribunals of the earth,  
Vp to the Clouds, for pompous sovereignty.  
Thou art a man, oh bare my royall mind,  
Mount heaven, and see if *Tullia* lag behinde,  
There is no earth in me, I am all fire,  
Were *Tarquin* so, then should we both aspire.

*Tar.* Oh *Tullia*, though my body taste of dulnesse,  
My soule is wing'd, to soare as high as thine,  
But neate what flags our wings, fourty five yeeres  
The King thy father hath protected *Rome*.

*Tul.* That makes for us: the people covet change,  
Even the best things in time grow tedious.

*Tar.* T'would seeme unnaturall, in thee, my *Tullia*,  
The reverend King, thy father to depose:

*Tul.* A kingdoms quest, makes sonnes and fathers foes.

*Tar.* And but by *Servius* fall we cannot climbe,  
The balme that must anoint us is his blood.

*Tul.* Lets lave our brows then in that crimson flood,  
We must be bold and dreadlesse: who aspires,  
Mounts by the lives of Fathers, Sons, and Sires.

*Tar.* And so must I, since for a kingdoms love,  
Thou canst despise a Father for a Crowne:

*Tarquin* shall mount, *Servius* be tumbled downe,  
For he usurps my state, and first depose

My father in my swathed infancy,  
For which he shall be countant: to this end

I have sounded all the Peeres and Senators,

And though unknowne to thee my *Tullia*,

They all imbrace my faction; and so they  
Love change of state, an new King to obey.

*Tul.*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Tul.* Now is my *Tarquin* worthy *Tullias* grace.  
Since in my armes, I thus a King embrace.

*Tar.* The King should meet this day in Parliament.  
With all the Senate and Estates of *Rome*,  
His place will I assume, and there proclaime,  
All our decrees in Royall *Tarquins* name. *Florish.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius, Valerius, Collatine  
and Senators.*

*Luc.* May it please thee noble *Tarquin* to attend  
The King this day in the high Capitoll?

*Tul.* Attend?

*Tar.* We intend this day to see the Capitoll.  
You knew our Father good *Lucretius*:

*Luc.* I did my Lord.

*Tar.* Was not I his Son?  
The Queen my mother was of royall thoughts  
And pure heart, as unblemisht Innocence.

*Luc.* What asks my Lord?

*Tar.* Sonnes should succeed their fathers, but anon  
You shall heare more, high time that we were gone. *Florish.*

*Exeunt: Manet Collatine and Valerius.*

*Col.* Ther's morall sure in this, *Valerius*.  
Heeres modell yea, and matter too to breed  
Strange Meditations in the provident braines  
Of our grave Fathers: some strange project lives  
This day in Cradle that's but newly borne.

*Val.* No doubt *Colatine* no doubt, heres a giddy and drunken  
world, it Reeles, it hath got the staggers, the common-  
wealth is sicke of an Ague, of which nothing can cure her but  
some violent and sudden affrightment.

*Col.* The wife of *Tarquin* would be a Queen, nay of my  
life she is with childe till she be so.

*Val.* And longs to be brought to bed of a Kingdome, I di-  
vine, we shall see some scuffling to day in the Capitoll.

*Col.* If there be any difference among the Princes and Se-  
nate, whose faction will *Valerius* follow?

*Val.* Oh *Collatine*, I am a true Citizen, and in this I will  
best shew my selfe to be one, to take part with the strongest.  
If

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

If *Servius* overcome, I am Liegeman to *Servius*, and if *Tarquin* subdue, I am for *vive Tarquinius*.

*Col. Valerius*, no more, this talke does but keep us from the sight of this solemnity : by this the Princes are entring the Capitoll : come, we must attend. *Exeunt*

S E N A T E.

*Tarquin, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns, Lucretius one way : Brutus meeting them the other way very humorously.*

*Tar.* This place is not for fooles, this parliament Assembles not the straines of Ideotisme, Onely the grave and wisest of the Land : Important are th'affaires we have in hand. Hence with that Mome.

*Luc. Brutus* forbear the presence.

*Brut.* Forbear the presence ! why pra'y ?

*Sext.* None are admitted to this grave concourse But wise men : nay good *Brutus*.

*Brut.* You'l'e have an empty Parliament then.

*Aru.* Here is no roome for fooles.

*Bru.* Then what mak'st thou here, or he, or he ? oh *Jupiter* ! if this command be kept strictly, we shall have empty Benches : get you home you that are here, for here wil be nothing to do this day : a generall concourse of wise men, t'was never scene since the first Chaos. *Tarquin*, if the generall rule have no exceptions, thou wilt have an empty Consistory.

*Tul. Brutus* you trouble us.

*Bru.* How powerfull am I you Roman deities, that am able to trouble her that troubles a whole Empire ? fooles exempted, and women admitted ! laugh *Democritus*, but have you nothing to say to Mad-men ?

*Tar.* Madmen have here no place.

*Bru.* Then out of doores with *Tarquin*, what's he that may sit in a calme valley, and will chuse to repose in a tempestuous mountaine, but a mad-man ? that may live in tranquillous pleasures, and will seek out a kingdome's cares, but a madman ? who would seek innovation in a Common-wealth in publike,  
or



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

or be over-rul'd by a curst wife in private, but a fool or a mad-man? give me thy hand *Tarquin*, shall we two be dismiss together from the Capitoll?

*Tar.* Refraine his follie.

*Tul.* Drive the frantique hence.

*Arn.* Nay *Brutus*.

*Sext.* Good *Brutus*.

*Bru.* Nay soft, soft good blood of the *Tarquins*, lets have a few cold words first, and I am gone in an instant, I claime the priviledge of the Nobility of *Rome*, and by that priviledge my seat in the Capitoll. I am a Lord by birth, my place is as free in the Capitoll as *Horatius*, thine, or thine *Lucretius*, thine *Sextus*, *Aruns* thine, or any here: I am a Lord and you banish all the Lord fooles from the presence, youle have few to wait vpon the King, but Gentlemen: nay, I am easily perswaded then, hands off, since you will not have my company, you shall have my roome.

My roome indeed, for what I seeme to be, *Brutus* is not, but borne great *Rome* to free.

The state is full of dropsie, and swollen big  
With windie vapors, which my sword must pierce,  
To purge th'infected blood, bred by the pride  
Of these infected bloods: nay now I goe;

Behold I vanish since tis *Tarquins* minde,  
One small foole goes, but great fooles leaves behinde. *Exit*

*Lucre.* Tis pittie one so generously deriv'd,  
Should be depriv'd his best induements thus,  
And want the true direction of the Soule.

*Tar.* To leave these delatorie trifles, Lords  
Now to the publique businesse of the Land.  
Lords take your severall places.

*Luc.* Not great *Tarquin*, before the King assume his regall  
Whose comming we attend. (throne.

*Tulli.* Hee's come already.

*Luc.* The King?

*Tar.* The King.

*Col. Servius?*

*Tar.* *Tarquinius*.



## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Lucre. Servius* is King.

*Tar.* He was by power divine,  
The Throne that long since he usurpt is mine.  
Heere we enthrone our selves, Cashedrall state  
Long since detain'd us, justly we resume,  
Then let our friends and such as love us crye,  
Live *Tarquin* and enjoy this Soveraigntie.

*Omnes.* Live *Tarquin* and injoy this Soveraignty. *Flourish.*

*Enter Valerius.*

*Vale.* The King himselve with such confederate Peeres.  
As stoutly embrace his faction, being inform'd  
Of *Tarquins* Vurpation, armed comes,  
Neere to the entrance of the Capitoll.

*Tarq.* No man give place, he that dares to arise  
And doe him reverence, we his love despise.

*Enter Servius, Horatius, Scevola, Souldiers.*

*Ser.* Traytor.

*Tar.* Vsurper.

*Ser.* Descend.

*Tullia.* Sit still.

*Ser.* In *Servius* name, *Romes* great imperiall Monarch,  
I charge thee *Tarquin* disenthroned thy selfe,  
And throw thee at our feet, prostrate for mercy.

*Hor.* Spoke like a King.

*Tar.* In *Tarquins* name, now *Romes* imperiall Monarch,  
We charge thee *Servius* make free resignation,  
Of that archt-wreath thou hast usurpt so long.

*Tul.* Words worth an Empire.

*Hor.* Shall this be brookt my Soveraigne :  
Dismount the Traitor.

*Sex.* Touch him he that dares.

*Hor.* Dares !

*Tul.* Dares.

*Ser.* Strumpet, no childe of mine.

*Tul.* Dotard, and not my father.

*Ser.* Kneele to thy King ?

*Tul.* Submit thou to thy queene.

*Ser.*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Ser.* Insufferable treason with bright Steele,  
Lop downe these interponents that withstand.  
The passage to our throne.

*Hor.* That *Cocles* dares.

*Sex.* We with our Steele guard *Tarquin* and his chaire,

*See.* A *Servius*.

*Servius* is slaine.

*Ar.* A *Tarquin*.

*Tar.* Now are we king indeede, our awe is builded  
Vpon this Royall base, the slaughtered body  
Of a dead King : we by his ruine rise  
To a Monarchall Throne.

*Tul.* We have our longing.

My fathers death gives me a second life  
Much better then the first, my birth was servile,  
But this new breath of raigne is large and free,  
Welcome my second life of Sovereignty.

*Luc.* I have a Daughter, but I hope of mettle,  
Subject to better temperature, should my *Lucrece*  
Be of this pride, these hands should sacrifice  
Her blood vnto the Gods that dwell below,  
The abortiue brat should not out-live my spleene,  
But *Lucrece* is my Daughter, this my queene.

*Tul.* Teare off the Crowne, that yet empales the temples  
Of our usurping Father : quickly Lords,  
And in the face of his yet bleeding wounds,  
Let us receive our honours.

*Tar.* The same breath  
Gives our state life, that was the Vsurpers death.

*Tul.* Here then by heavens hand wee invest our selves :  
Musique, whose loftiest tones grace Princes crown'd,  
Vnto our novel Coronation sound.

*Florish.*

*Enter Valerius with Horatius and Scevola.*

*Tarq.* Whom doth *Valerius* to our state present ?

*Val.* Two valiant Romans, this *Horatius Cocles*,  
This Gentleman calld *Mutius Scevola*.  
Who whilst King *Servius* wore the Diadem,

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Vpheld his sway and Princedome by their loves,  
But he being false, since all the Peeres of *Rome*  
Applaud King *Tarquin* in his Sovereignty,  
They with like suffrage greet your Coronation.

*Hor.* This hand alide vnto the Roman Crowne,  
Whom never feare dejected, or cast low,  
Laies his victorious sword at *Tarquins* feet,  
And prostrates with that sword allegiance.  
King *Servius* life we lov'd, but he expir'd,  
Great *Tarquins* life is in our hearts desir'd.

*Sce.* Who whilst he rules with justice and integrity  
Shall with our dreadles hands our hearts command,  
Even with the best imployments of our lives,  
Since Fortune lifts thee, we submit to Fate,  
Our selves are vassals to the Roman state.

*Tarq.* Your roomes were emptie in our traine of friends,  
Which we rejoyce to see so well supplide :  
Receive our grace, live in our clement favours,  
In whose submission our young glory growes  
To his ripe height : fall in our friendly traine,  
And strengthen with your loves our infant Raigne.

*Hor.* We live for *Tarquin*.

*Sce.* And to thee alone, whilst justice keeps thy sword  
and thou thy Throne.

*Tar.* Then are you ours, and now conduct us straight  
In triumph through the populous streets of *Rome*.  
To the Kings Palace our Majesticke seat.  
Your hearts though freely proffred, we intreat.

*Sennat.* As they march, *Tullia* treads on her Father & staies.

*Tullia.* What blocke is that we tread on?

*Luc.* Tis the bodie

Of your deceased Father Madam, Queene  
Your shoe is crimsond with his vitall blood.

*Tul.* No matter, let his mangled body lie,  
And with his base confederates strew the streets,  
That in disgrace of his usurped pride,  
We ore his truncke may in our Chariot ride:  
For mounted like a Queene t' would doe me good



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

To wash my Coach-naves in my fathers blood.

*Luc.* Heres a good Childe.

*Tar.* Remove it wee command, and beare his carcasse to  
Where after this dejection, let it have (the funerall pile,  
His solemne and due obsequies : faire *Tullia*,  
Thy hate to him growes from thy love to us,  
Thou shewest thy selfe in this unnaturall strife  
An unkind Daughter, but a loyng wife.  
But on unto our Palace, this blest day,  
A Kings encrease growes by a Kings decay.

*Brutus alone.*

*Brut.* Murder the King ! a high and Capitoll treason,  
Those Giants that wag'd warre against the Gods,  
For which the ore-whelmed Mounraines hurld by *Iove*  
To scatter them, and give them timeles graves  
Was not more cruell then this butcherie,  
This slaughter made by *Tarquin*; but the Queene,  
A woman, fie fie : did not this shee-paracide  
Adde to her fathers wounds? and when his body  
Lay all besmeard and staynd in the blood royall,  
Did not this Monster, this infernall hag,  
Make her unwilling Chariotter drive on,  
And with his shod wheelles crush her Fathers bones?  
Break his craz'd scull, and dash his sparckled braines  
Vpon the pavements, whilst she held the raines?  
The affrighted Sun at this abhorred object,  
Put on a maske of bloud, and yet she blusht not.  
*Iove* art thou just; hast thou reward for pietie?  
And for offence no vengeance? or canst punish  
Fellons, and pardon Traitors? chastise Murderers,  
And winke at Paracides? if thou be worthy,  
As well we know thou art, to fill the Throne  
Of all eternitie, then with that hand  
That flings the Trisulke thunder, let the pride  
Of these our irreligious Monarkisers  
Be Crown'd in blood : this makes poore *Brutus* mad,  
To see sin frolique, and the vertuous sad.

## The Rape of Lucrece.

*Enter Sextus and Aruns.*

*Aru.* Soft, heeres *Brutus*, let us acquaint him with the newes.

*Sex.* Content : now Cousen *Brutus*.

*Bru.* Who, I your kinsman ? though I be of the blood of the *Tarquins* yet no cousen gentle Prince.

*Aru.* And why so *Brutus*, Scorne you our aliance ?

*Bru.* No, I was coulsen to the *Tarquins*, when they were subjects, but dare claime no kindred as they are soveraignes : *Brutus* is not so mad though he be merry, but he hath wit enough to keepe his head on his shoulders.

*Aru.* Why doe you Lord thus loose your houres, and neither professe warre nor domestick profit ? the first might beget you love, the other riches.

*Bru.* Because I would live, have I not answered you, because I would live ? fooles and mad men are no rubs in the way of Vsurpers, the firmament can blooke but one Sunne, and for my part I must not shine : I had rather live an obicure blacke, then appeare a faire white to be shot at, the end of all is. I would live : had *Servius* beene a shrub, the wind had not shooke him, or a mad-man, hee not perisht : I covet no more wit nor imployment then as much as will keepe life and soule together, I would but live.

*Aru.* You are satyricall cousen *Brutus*, but to the purpose: the king dreamt a strange and ominous dream last night, and to be resolv'd of the event, my brother *Sextus* and I must to the Oracle

*Sex.* And because we would be well accompanied, wee have got leave of the king that you *Brutus* shall associate us, for our purpose is to make a merry journey on't.

*Bru.* So youle carry me along with you to be your foole and make you merrie.

*Sex.* Not our foole, but---

*Bru.* To make you merry : I shall, nay, I would make you merrie or tickle you till you laugh : the Oracle ! ile go to be resolv'd of some doubts private to my selfe : nay Princes, I

am



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

am so much indeer'd both to your loves and companies, that you shall not have the power to berid of me, what limits have we for our journey?

*Sext.* Five dayes, no more.

*Brut.* I shall fit me to your preparations, but one thing more, goes *Collatine* along?

*Sext.* *Collatine* is troubled with the common disease of all new married men, he's sicke of the wife, his excuse is forsooth that *Lucrece* will not let him goe, but you having neither wife nor wit to hold you I hope will not disappoint us

*Brn.* Had I both, yet should you, pre vaile with me above either,

*Arn.* We shall expect you.

*Brn.* *Horatius Cocles*, and *Mutius Scevola* are not engag'd in this expedition?

*Arn.* No, they attend the King farewell.

*Brn.* *Lucretius* stayes at home too, and *Valerius*?

*Sext.* The Palace cannot spare them.

*Brn.* None but we three?

*Sext.* We three.

*Brn.* We three, well five dayes hence.

*Sext.* You have the time, farewell.

*Exeunt, Sextus and Aruns.*

*Brn.* The time I hope cannot be Circumscribde.

Within so short a limit, *Rome* and I

Are not so happy; what's the reason then,

Heaven spares his rod so long? *Mercurie* tell me!

I hav't, the fruit of pride is yet but greene,

Not mellow, though it growes apace, it comes not

To his full height: *Iove* oft delayes his vengeance,

That when it haps t' may proove more terrible.

Dispaire not *Brutus* then, but let thy countrey

And thee take this last comfort after all,

Pride when thy fruit is ripe t' must rot, and fall.

But to the Oracle.

*Enter*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Enter Horatius Coeles, Mutius Scevola.*

*Hor.* I would I were no Roman.

*Sce.* Coeles why?

*Hor.* I am discontented and dare not speake my thoughts.

*Sce.* What, shall I speake them for you?

*Hor.* Mutius doe.

*Scevo.* Tarquin is proud.

*Hor.* Thou hast them.

*Scevo.* Tyrannous.

*Hor.* True.

*Sce.* Insufferably loftie.

*Hor.* Thou hast hit me.

*Scevo.* And shall I tell thee what I prophesie

Of his succeeding rule?

*Ho.* No, I'lle doo't for thee, Tarquins abilitie will in the weale,  
Beget a weake unable impotence:

His strength, make Rome and our Dominions weak

His soaring high make us to flag our wings,

And flie close by the earth: his golden feathers

Are of such vastnes, that they spread like sayles,

And so becalme us that wee haue not aire

(Elements:

Able to raise our plumes, to taste the pleasures of our own

*Scevo.* Wee are one heart, our thoughts and our desires  
are futable.

*Hor.* Since he was King he beares him like a God,

His wife like Pallas, or the wife of Iove.

Will not be spoke to without sacrifice;

And homage sole due to the Deities.

*Enter Lucretius*

*Scevo.* What hast with good Lucretius?

*Lucre.* Hast but small speed,

I had an earnest suit vnto the King,

About some businesse that concernes the weale

Of Rome and us, twill not be listned too,

He has tooke upon him such ambitious state,

That he abandons conference with his Peeres,



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Or if he chance to endure our tongues so much,  
As but to heare their sonance, he despises  
The intent of all our speeches, our advices,  
And counsell: thinking his owne judgement only  
To be approved in matters militarie,  
And in affaires domesticke, we are but mutes,  
And fellowes of no parts, viles unstrung,  
Our notes too harsh to strike in Princes eares.  
Great *Love* amend it.

*Hor.* Whither will you my Lord?

*Luc.* No matter where if from the court, Ile home to *Collatine*  
And to my daughter *Lucrece*: home breeds safety,  
Dangers begot in Court, a life retir'd  
Must please me now perforce: then noble *Scevola*,  
And you my deere *Horatius*, farewell both,  
Where industrie is scornd lets welcome sloth. *Enter Collatine.*

*Hora.* Nay good *Lucretius* doe not leave us thus,  
See heere comes *Collatine*, but wheres *Valerius*?  
How does he taste these times?

*Col.* Not giddily like *Brutus*, passionately  
Like old *Lucretius* with his teare swolne eies,  
Not laughingly like *Mutius Scevola*.  
Nor bluntly like *Horatius Cocles* here.  
He has usurpt a stranger garbe of humour,  
Distinct from these in nature every way.

*Luc.* How is he relisht, can his eyes forbear?  
In this strange state to shed a passionate teare.

*Sce.* Can he forbear to laugh with *Scevola*,  
At that which passionate weeping cannot mend?

*Hora.* Nay can his thought shpe ought but melancholly  
To see these dangerous passages of state,  
How is he tempered noble *Collatine*?

*Colla.* Stringely, he is all song, hee's ditty all,  
Note that: *Valerius* hath giv'n up the Court  
And weand himselfe from the Kings consistory  
In which his sweet harmonious tongue grew harsh,  
Whether it be that he is discontent,  
Yet would not so appeare before the King,

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Or whether in applause of these new Edicts,  
Which so distaste the people, or what cause  
I know not, but now hee's all musicall.  
Vnto the Counsell chamber he goes singing,  
And whil'st the King his willfull Edicts makes,  
In which nones tongue is powerfull save the Kings,  
Hee's in a corner relishing strange aires.  
Conclusively hee's from a toward hopefull Gentleman,  
Transeshapt to a meere Ballater, none knowing  
Whence should proceed this transmutation. *Enter Valerius*  
*Hor.* See where he comes. *Morrow Valerius.*  
*Lucre.* *Morrow my Lord.*

*Song.*

*Val.* *When Tarquin first in Court began,*  
*And was approved King:*  
*Some men for sudden joy gan weep,*  
*But I for sorrow sing.*  
*Sce.* Ha, ha, how long has my *Valerius*  
Put on this straine of mirth, or what's the cause?

*Song.*

*Val.* *Let humor change and spare not,*  
*Since Tarquin's proud, I care not,*  
*His faire words so bewitch my delight,*  
*That I doted on his sight.*  
*Now he is chang'd, cruell thoughts embracing*  
*And my deserts disgracing.*  
*Hor.* Vpon my life he's either mad or love-sicke,  
Oh can *Valerius*, but so late a States-man,  
Of whom the publike weale deserv'd so well,  
Tune out his age in Songs and Cansoners.  
Whose voice should thunder countell in the cares  
Of *Tarquin* and proud *Tullia*? think *Valerius*  
What that proud woman *Tullia* is, twill put thee  
Quite out of Tune.

*Song.*

*Val.* *Now what is love I will thee tell,*  
*It is the fountain and the well,*

*Where*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Where pleasure and repentance dwell,  
It is perhaps the sanſing bell,  
That rings all in to heaven or hell,  
And this is love, and this is love, as I heere tell.

Now what is love I will you ſhow,  
A thing that creeps and cannot goe:  
A prize that paſſeth too and fro,  
A thing for me, a thing for moe,  
And he that proves ſhall finde it ſo,  
And this is love, and this is love, ſweet friend I tro.

Lucre. *Valerius* I ſhall quickly change thy cheere,  
And make thy paſſionate eyes lament with mine,  
Thinke how that worthy Prince our kinsman King  
Was butchered in the Marble Capitoll.  
Shall *Servius Tullius* unregarded die  
Alone of thee, whome all the Romans Ladies,  
Even yet with teare ſwollen eyes, and ſorrowfull ſoules,  
Compaſſionate as well he merited;  
To theſe lamenting dames what canſt thou ſing?  
whoſe grieve through all the Roman Temples ring.

Song.

Va. Lament Ladies lament,  
Lament the Roman land,  
The King is fra thee hent.  
Was doughtie on his hand,  
Weele gang into the Kirk,  
His dead corps weele embrace,  
And when we ſe him dead,  
We ay will cry alas Fa la.

Hora. This muſicke made me, I all mirth deſpiſe.

Luc. To heare him ſing drawes rivers from mine eyes.

Sceno. It pleaſeth me for ſince the court is harſh,  
And lookes a ſkange on ſouldiers, lets be merry,  
Court Ladies, ſing drinke, dance, and every man  
Get him a miſtris coach it in the Countrey,  
And taſt the ſweetes of it, what thinks *Valerius*  
Of *Sevolas* laſt counſell?



## The Rape of Lucrece.

Song.

Va. Why since we souldiers cannot prove,  
And grieffe it is to us therefore,  
Let every man get him a love,  
To trim her well, and fight no more.

That we may taste of lovers blisse,  
Be merry and blith, imbrace and kisse,  
That Ladies may say some more of this,  
That Ladies may say, some more of this.

Since Court and Citie both grow prond,  
And safety you delight to heare,  
Wee in the Country will us shroud,  
Where lives to please both eye and eare:

The Nightingale sings Ing, Ing, Ing,  
The lute Lambe leaps after his dung,  
And the pretty milke-maids they looke so smug,  
And the pretty milke-maids, &c.

Come Scevola shall we goe and be idle?

Luc. Ile in to weepe.

Hora. But I my gall to grate.

Scevo. Ile laugh at time, till it will change our Fate.

Exeunt they.

Manet Collatine.

Colla. Thou art not what thou seem'st, Lord Scevola,  
Thy heart mournes in thee, though thy visage smile;  
And so doe's thy soule weepe, Valerius;  
Although thy habit sing, for these new humours  
Are but put on for safety, and to arme them  
Against the pride of Tarquin, from whose danger,  
None great in love, in counsell, or opinion,  
Can be kept safe: this makes me loose my houres  
At home with Lucrece, and abandon court.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. Fortune I embrace thee, that thou hast assisted me  
in finding my master, the Gods of good Rome keepe my  
Lord and master out of all bad company.

Colla.

Colla. Sitra the newes with you.

Clow. Would you ha Court newes, Camps newes, City newes or Country newes, or would you know whats the newes at home?

Col. Let me know all the newes.

Clow. The newes at Court is; that a smale leg and a silk stocking is in the fashon for your Lord: And the water that God *Mercury* makes is in request with your Ladie. The heauines of the kings wine makes many a light head, and the emtines of his dishes many full bellies; eating and drinking was never more in use: you shall finde the baddest legs in boots, and the worst faces in masks. They keepe their old stomackes still, the kings good Cooke had the most wrong: for that which was wont to be private only to him, is now usurpt among all the other officers: for now every man in his place, to the prejudice of the master Cooke, makes bold to licke his

Col. The newes in the campe.

Clow. The greatest newes in the campe is, that there is no newes at all, for being no campe at all; how can there be any tidings from it?

Col. Then for the city,

Col. The Senators are rich, their wives faire, credit grows cheap, and traffick dear for you have many that are broke, the poorest man that is, may take vp what he will, so he will be but bound (to a post till he pay the debt) There was one courtier lay with twelve mens wives in the suburbs, and pressing farther to make one more cuckold within the walles, and being taken with the manner, had nothing to say for himselfe, but this, he that made twelve made thirteene.

Col. Now fir for the country.

Clow. There is no newes there but at the Ale-house, ther's the most receit, and it is not strange my Lord, that so many men love ale that know not what ale is.

Col. Why, what is ale?

Clow. Why, ale is a kind of juice made of the precious grain called Malt, and what is malt? Malt's M, A, L, T, and what is M, A, L, T? M much, A ale, L little, T thrift, that is, much ale, little thrift.



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Cola.* Only the newes at home and I have done.

*Cloy.* My Lady must needs speake with you about earnest businesse, that concernes her neerely, and I was sent in all haste to entreat your Lordship to come away.

*Col.* And couldest thou not have told me? *Lucrece* stay, And I stand trifling here? follow, away.

*Cloy.* I marry sir, the way into her were a way worth following, and that's the reason that so many Serving-man that are familiar with their Mistresses, have lost the name of Servitors, and are now call'd their masters, Followers. Rest you merry.

*Sound Musicke.*

*Apollo's Priests with Tapers, after them, Aruns, Sextus and Brutus with their oblations, all kneeling before the Oracle.*

*Priest.* O thou Delphian god inspire Thy Priests, and with celestiall fire

Shot from thy beames crowne our desire, that we may follow,

In these thy true and hallowed measures,

The utmost of thy heavenly treasures,

According to the thoughts and pleasures

Of great *Apollo*.

Our hearts with inflammations burne,

Great *Tarquin* and his people mourne,

Till from thy Temple we returne.

With some glad tyding.

Then tell us, Shall great *Rome* be blest,

And royall *Tarquin* live in rest,

That gives his enobled brest

To thy safe guiding?

*Oracle.* Then *Rome* her ancient honours wins,

When she is purg'd from *Tullia's* sins.

*Brut.* Gramercies *Phæbus* for these spels,

*Phæbus* alone, alone excells.

*Sext.* *Tullia* perhaps sinn'd in our grandfires death,

And hath not yet by reconciliation made

Atone with *Phæbus*, at whose shrine we kneele :

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Yet gentle Priest let us thus farre prevaile,  
To know if *Tarquins* seed shall governe *Rome*,  
And by succession claime the royall wreath?  
Behold me younger of the *Tarquins* race:  
This elder *Aruns*, both the sonnes of *Tullia*,  
This *Iunius Brutus*, though a mad-man, yet  
Of the high blood of the *Tarquins*.

*Priest. Sextus* peace: Tell us, O thou that shin'st so bright,  
From whom the world receives his light,  
Whose abience is perpetua'l night,  
Whose praises ring:  
Is it with heavens applause decreed,  
When *Tarquins* soule from earth is freed,  
That noble *Sextus* shall succeed

In *Rome* as King?  
*Brut.* I Oracle, hast thou lost thy tongue?

*Ar.* Tempt him againe faire Priest:

*Sext.* If not as King, let Delphian *Phœbus* yet  
Thus much resolve us, Who shall governe *Rome*,  
Or of us three beare greatest preheminance?

*Priest. Sextus* I will, yet sacred *Phœbus* we entreat,  
Which of these three shall be great  
With largest power and state replete

By the heavens doome?  
*Phœbus* thy thoughts no longer smother

*Oracle.* He that first shall kisse his mother  
Shall be powerfull, and no other.

Of you three in *Rome*,

*Sext.* Shall kisse his mother! : *Brutus* falls.

*Brut.* Mother Earth, to thee an humble kisse I tender.

*Ar.* What means *Brutus*?

*Brut.* The blood of the slaughter'd sacrifice made this floore  
as slippery as the place where *Tarquin* treads, tis glassie and  
as smoothe as ice: I was proud to heare the Oracle so gracious  
to the blood of the *Tarquins* and so I fell.

*Sext.* Nothing but so, then to the Oracle.  
I charge thee *Aruns*, *Iunius Brutus* thee,  
To keep the sacred doome of the Oracle

From



The Rape of Lucrece.

From all our traine, left when the younger lad  
Our brother now at home, sits dandled  
Vpon faire *Tullia's* lap, this understanding  
May kisse our beauteous mother, and succeed.

*Ar.* Let the charge goe round, it shod. was a table and  
It shall goe hard but it prevent you *Sextus*.

*Sex.* I feare not the madman *Brutus*, and for *Aruns* let me  
alone to buckle with him, I'll be the first at my mothers lips  
for a kingdome.

*Br.* If the madman have not bin before you *Sextus*, if Or-  
acles be Oracles, their phrases are mysticall, they speak still in  
clouds: had he meant a naturall mother he would not ha spoke  
it by circumstance.

*Sex.* *Tullia*, if ever thy lips were pleasing to me, let it be  
at my returne from the Oracle.

*Ar.* If a kisse will make me a King, *Tullia* I will spring  
to thee though through the blood of *Sextus*.

*Br.* Earth I acknowledge no mother but thee, accept  
me as thy Son, and I shall shine as bright in *Rome* as *Apoll*  
himselfe in his temple at *Delphos*.

*Sextus* Our Superstitions ended, sacred Priest,

Since we have had free answer from the Gods,

To whose faire altars we have done due right,

And hollowed them with presents acceptable,

Lets now returne, treading these holy measures,

With which we entred great *Apoll*'s Temple:

Now *Phæbus* let thy sweet tun'd organes sounds

Whose sphere like muscke must direct our feet

Vpon the marble pavement: aserthis

Weele gaine a kingdome by a mothers kisse. *Exeunt.*

STERN ALLE. old of F.

A table and chaires prepared, *Tarquin*, *Tullia*, and *Collatine*,

*See. old*, *Horatius*, *Lucretius*, *Valerius*, *Lords*.

*Tarquin*. Attend us with your persons, but your cares

Be deate unto our counsells. The Lords fall off on either

*Tul*. Farther yet. side and attend.

*Tarq.*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Tarq.* Now *Tullia* what must be concluded next?

*Tullia.* The kingdome you have got by pollicy  
You must maintaine by pride.

*Tarquin.* Good.

*Tullia.* Those that were late of the Kings faction  
cut off for feare they prove rebellious.

*Tarq.* Better.

*Tullia* Since you gaine nothing by the popular love,  
Maintaine by feare your Princesdome.

*Tar.* Excellent, thou art our Oracle and save from thee  
We will admit no counsell, we obtaind  
Our state by cunning, it must be kept by strength.  
And such as cannot love, wee teach to feare,  
To encourage which upon our better judgement,  
And to strike greater terrour to the world,  
I have forbid thy fathers funerall.

*Tul.* No matter.

*Tar.* All capitall causes are by us discast,  
Traverst, and executed without counsell,  
We challenge too by our prerogative,  
The goods of such as strive against our state,  
The freest Citizens without attaint,  
Arraigne, or judgement, we to exile doome,  
The poorer are our drudges, rich our prey,  
And such as dare not strive our rule obey.

*Tul.* Kings are as Gods, and divine Scepters beare,  
The Gods command for mortall tribute, feare.  
But Royall Lord, we that despise their love,  
Must seeke some meanes how to mayntaine this awe.

*Tar.* By forraigne leagues, and by our strength abroad.  
Shall we that are decreed above our people,  
Whom heaven hath made our vassals, raigne with them?  
No, Kings above the rest tribunall he,  
Should with no meaner then with Kings allie :  
For this we to *Mamilius Tusculan*  
The Latin King ha given in marriage  
Our Royall daughter : Now his people's ours,  
The neighbour Princes are subdude by armes :

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

And whom we could not conquer by constraint,  
Them we have sought to win by curtesies,  
Kings that are proud, yet would secure their owne,  
By love abroad, shall purchase feare at home.

*Tul.* We are secure, and yet our greatest strength  
Is in our children, how dare treason looke  
Vs in the face having issue? barren Princes  
Breed danger in their singularity,  
Having none to succeed, their claime dies in them.

*Tar.* *Tullia's* wife, and apprehensive, were our Princely sons  
*Sextus* and *Aruns* backe returned safe,  
With an applausive answer of the Gods  
From th' *Oracle*, our state were able then  
Being Gods our selves, to scorne the hate of men.

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, and Brutus.*

*Sex.* Where's *Tullia*?

*Arn.* Where's our Mother?

*Hor.* Yonder Princes, at Councel with the King.

*Tul.* Our sonnes return'd.

*Sex.* Royall Mother.

*Arn.* Renowned Queen.

*Sex.* I love her best, therefore will *Sextus* do his duty first.

*Arn.* Being eldest in my birth, ile not be youngest  
In zeale to *Tullia*.

*Brut.* Too't Lads.

*Aruns.* Mother a kisse.

*Sex.* Though last in birth let me be first in love.  
A kisse faire mother.

*Arn.* Shall I loose my right?

*Sext.* *Aruns* ihall downe, were *Aruns* twice my Brother,  
If he perfume fore me to kisse my mother.

*Arn.* I *Sextus*, think this kisse to be a Crowne, thus would

*Sex.* *Aruns* thou must downe. (we tug for't.

*Tarq.* Restraine them Lords.

*Brut.* Nay too't boyes, O tis brave, they tug for shadowes,  
I the substance have.

*Arn.* Through armed gates, and thousand swords ile break  
To



To shew my duty, let my valour speake.

*Breakes from the Lords and kisses her.*

*Sex.* Oh heavens! you have disolv'd me.

*Arn.* Here I stand, what I ha done to answer with this hand.

*Sex.* Oh all ye Delphian Gods looke downe and see.  
How for these wrongs I will revenged be.

*Tar.* Curbe in the prowd boyes fury, let us know  
From whence this discord riseth.

*Tullia.* From our love, how happy are we in our issue now  
When as our sons, even with their blouds contend  
To exceed in dutie, we accept your zeale.

This your superlative degree of kindnesse  
So much prevailes with us, that to the King

We engage our owne deere love twixt his incensement

And your presumption, you are pardoned both.

And *Sextus* though you faild in your first proffer,

We do not yet esteeme you least in love, ascend and touch

*Sext.* Thanke you, no. (our lips.

*Tullia.* Then to thy knee we will descend thus low.

*Sex.* Nay now it shall not need: how great's my heart!

*Arn.* In *Tarquins* Crowne thou now hast lost thy part.

*Sex.* No kissing now, *Tarquin*, great *Queene* adiew.

*Arms.* on earth we ha no foe but you.

*Tarq.* What meanes this their unnaturall enmitie?

*Tullia.* Hate, borne from love.

*Tar.* Resolve us then, how did the Gods accept  
Our sacrifice, how are they pleas'd with us?

How long will they applaud our soveraignty?

*Bru.* Shall I tell the King.

*Tar.* Doe Cousen, with the proceffe of your journey.

*Bru.* I will. We went from hither, when we went from  
hence, arrived thither when we landed there, made an end  
of our prayers when we had done our Orisones, when thus  
quoth *Phœbus*, *Tarquin* shall be happy whilst he is blest,  
governe while he raignes, wake when he sleepest not, sleepe  
when he wakes not, quaffe when he drinks, feede when he  
eates, gape when his mouth opens, live till he die, and die



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

when he can live no longer. So *Phæbus* commends him to you.

*Tar.* Mad *Brutus* still, Son *Aruns*, What say you?

*Aru.* That the great Gods to whom the potent King  
Of this large Empire sacrific'd by us,  
Applaud your raigne, commend your soveraignty:  
And by a generall Synode grant to *Tarquin*,  
Long dayes faile hopes Majestique government.

*Fru.* Adding withall, that to depose the late King which in  
others had been arch-treason, in *Tarquin* was honor: what in  
*Brutus* had been usurpation, in *Tarquin* was lawfull succession:  
and for *Tullia*, though it be paracide for a childe to kill her fa-  
ther, in *Tullia* it was charity by death, to rid him of all his  
calamities, *Phæbus* himselfe said she was a good childe, and  
shall not I say as he sayes, to tread upon her fathers skull,  
sparkle his braines upon her Chariot wheele,  
And weare the sacred tincture of his blood  
Vpon her servile shoe? but more then this,  
After his death deny him the due claime  
Of all mortality, a funerall,  
An earthen sepulchre, this, this, quoth the Oracle,  
Save *Tullia* none would do. (incest)

*Tul.* *Brutus* no more, least with the eyes of wrath and fury  
We looke into thy honour: were not madnes  
And folly to thy words a priviledge,  
Even in thy last reproofe of our proceedings  
Thou hast pronounc't thy death.

*Bru.* If *Tullia* will send *Brutus* abroad for newes, and after  
at his returne not endure the telling of it: let *Tullia* either get  
closer eares, or get for *Brutus* a stricter tongue.

*Tullia.* How fir?

*Bru.* God bo' ye.

*Tarq.* Alas tis madnes (pardon) not spleene,  
Nor is it hate, but frenzie, we are pleas'd  
To heare the Gods propitious to our prayers.  
But whither's *Sextus* gone? resolve us *Cocles*.  
We saw thee in his parting follow him.

*Hera.* I heard him say, he would straight take his horse

And

And to the werlike Gabines enemies to *Rome*, and you.

*Tar.* Save them we have no opposites.

Dares the proud boy confederate with our foes?

Attend us Lords, we must new battle wage,

And with bright armes confront the proud boyes rage.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet, Lucretius, Collatine, Horatius, Valerius, Scevola.*

*Hor.* Had I as many soules as drops of blood  
In these brancht vaines, as many lives as starres  
Strucke in yond' azure Rose, and were to die  
More deaths then I have wasted weary minutes,  
To grow to this, idle hazard all and more,  
To purchase freedome to thus bondag'd *Rome*. (sight.

I'me vext to see this virgin conquereffe weare shackles in my  
*Luc.* Oh would my teares would rid great *Rome* of these  
prodigious feares.

*Enter Brutus.*

*Bru.* What, weeping ripe *Lucretius*? possible? now Lords,  
Lads, friends, fellows, yong madcaps, gallants, and old court-  
ly ruffians, all subjects under one tyranny, and therefore should  
be partners of one and the same unanimity. Shall we goe sin-  
gle our selves by two and two, and go talk treason? then tis but  
his yea, and my nay, if we be cald to question: Or shals goe  
use some violent buittling to breake through this thorny ter-  
vitude, or shal we every man go sit like, O man in desperation,  
and with *Lucretius* weepe at *Romes* misery: now am I for all  
things any thing or nothing, I can laugh with *Scevola*, weepe  
with this good old man, sing *oh bone bone* with *Valerius*, fret  
with *Horatius Cocles*, be mad like my selfe, or neutriz with  
*Collatine*. Say what shal's doe?

*Hora.* Fret.

*Val.* Sing.

*Luc.* Weepe.

*Scevo.* Laugh.

*Bru.* Rather lets all be mad that *Tarquin* he still raigneth,  
*Rom's* still sad.

*Col.* You are madmen all that yeild so much to passion.



*The Rape of Lucrecc.*

You lay your selves too open to your enemies,  
That would be glad to prie into your deedes,  
And catch advantage to ensnare our lives.  
The kings feare, like a shadow, dogs you still,  
Nor can you walke without it : I commend  
*Valerius* most, and noble *Scevola*,  
That what they cannot mend, seeme not to mind,  
By my consent lets all weare out our houres  
In harmeles sports : hauke, hunt, game, sing, drinke, dance,  
So shall we seeme offenceless and live safe.  
In dangers bloody jawes where being humerous,  
Cloudy and curiously inquisitive  
Into the Kings proceedings, there arm'd feare  
May search into us, call our deeds to question,  
And so prevent all future expectation :  
Of wisht amendment let us stay the time,  
Till heaven have made them ripe for just revenge,  
When opportunitie is offered us,  
And then strike home, till then doe what you please :  
No discontented thought my mind shall seaze.

*Brut.* I am of *Collatines* mind now *Valerius* sing us a bawdy  
song, and mak's merry : nay it shall be so.

*Valer.* *Brutus* shall pardon me.

*Scevol.* The time that should have beene seriously spent in  
the State-house, I ha learnt securely to spend in a wenching  
house, and now I professe my selfe any thing but a Statesman.

*Hor.* The more thy vanity.

*Luc.* The lesse thy honour.

*Valer.* The more his safety, and the lesse his feare.

The first new Song.

*She that denies me, I would have,*

*Who craves me, I despise.*

*Venus hath power to rule mine heart,*

*But not to please mine eyes.*

*Temptations offered, I still scorne.*

*Deny'd ; I cling them still :*

*Ile neither glut mine appetite,*

*Nor seeke to starve my will.*

*Diana,*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Diana, double cloath'd, offends;*

*So Venus, naked quite,*

*The last begets a surfet, and*

*The other no delight.*

*That crafty Girle shall please me best*

*That No, for Yea, can say,*

*And every wanton willing kisse*

*Can season with a Nay.*

*Brut.* We ha beene mad Lords long, now lets us be merry  
Lords, *Horatius* maugre thy melancholly, and *Lucreius* in  
spight of thy sorrow, Ile have a song a subject for the ditty.

*Hor.* Great *Tarquins* pride, and *Tullia's* cruelty.

*Bru.* Dangerous, no.

*Luc.* The tyrannies of the Court, and vassalage of the City.

*See.* Neither, shall I give the subject?

*Bru.* Doe, and let it be of all the pretty wenches in *Rome*.

*Seev.* It shall, shall it, shall it *Valerius*?

*Val.* Any thing according to my poore acquaintance and  
little conversance.

*Bru.* Nay you shall stay *Horatius*, *Lueretius* so shall you,  
he removes himselfe from the love of *Brutus*, that shrinkes  
my side till we have had a song of all the pretty suburbanians:  
sit round, when *Valerius*?

*Song.*

*Val.* Shall I wooe the lovely Molly,

*She's so faire, so fat so jolly,*

*But she has a trick of folly,*

*Therefore Ile ha none of Molly. No, no no, no no, no.*

*Ile ha none of Molly, no no no.*

*Oh the cherry lips of Nelly,*

*They are red and soft as jelly,*

*But too well she loves her belly.*

*Therefore ile have none of Nelly. No, no, no, &c.*

*What say you to bonny Betty,*

*Ha you seee a lasse so pretty?*

*But her body is so sweatty,*

*Therefore ile ha none of Betty. No, no, no, no, no,*

*When I dally with my Dolly;*

*She*

## The Rape of Lucrece.

She is full of melancholly,  
Oh that wench is pestilent holly,  
Therefore ile have none of Dolly, No, no, no, &c.  
I could fancy lovely Nanny,  
But she has the loves of many,  
Yet her selfe she loves not any.  
Therefore ile have none of Nanny, no, no, &c.  
In a flax shop I spide Ratchell,  
Where she her flax and tow did hatchell,  
But her cheekes hang like a satchell,  
Therefore ile have none of Ratchell, No, no, &c.  
In a corner I met Biddy,  
Her heeles were light her head was giddy,  
She fell downe and somewhat did I,  
Therefore ile have none of Biddy, No, no, &c.

*Brut.* The rest weel here within, what offence is there in this *Lucretius*? what hurt's in this *Horatius*? is it not better to sing with our heads on, then to bleed with our heads off? I nere took *Collatine* for a Politician till now, come *Valerius*, weel run over all the wenches of *Rome*, from the community of lascivious *Flora* to the chastity of divine *Lucrece*, come good *Horatius*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucrece, Maide and Clowne.*

*Luc.* A Chaire.

*Clo.* A chaire for my Lady, Mistris *Mirable* do you not here my Lady call.

*Luc.* Come neere sir, be lesse officious  
In duty, and use more attention,  
Nay Gentlewoman we exempt not you  
From our discourse, you must afford an eare.  
As well as he, to what we ha to say.

*Maid.* I till remaine your hand-maide.

*Luc.* Sirrah I ha seene you oft familiar  
With this my maide and waiting Gentlewoman,  
As casting amorous glances, wanton looks,  
And privy becks favouring incontinence,  
I let you know you are not for my service

Vnlesse



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Vnlesse you grow more civill.

*Clow.* Indeed Madam for my owne part I wish Mistris *Mirable* well, as one fellow servant ought to wish to another, but to say as that ever I flung any sheeps eyes in her face how say you mistris *Mirable* did I ever offer it?

*Luc.* Nay Mistris, I ha seene you answere him With gracious lookes, and some uncivill smiles, Retorting eyes, and giving his demenure Such welcome as becomes not modesty, Know hence-forth there shall no lascivious phrase, Suspicious lookè, or shadow of incontinence, Be entertain'd by any that attend, on Roman *Lucrece*.

*Maido.* Madam, I!

*Luc.* Excuse it not, for my premeditate thought Speakes nothing out of rashnesse, nor vaine heare say. But what my owne experience testifies Against you both, let then this milde reproofe, Forewarne you of the like : my reputation Which is held precious in the eies of *Rome*, Shall be no shelter to the least intent Of loosensse, leave all familiaritie, And quite renounce acquaintance, or I here, discharge you both my service.

*Clow.* For my owne part Madam, as I am a true Roman by nature, though no Roman by my nose, I never spent the least lip labour on mistris *Mirable*, never so much as glanc'd, never us'd any wincking or pinking, never nodded at her, no not so much as when I was asleepe, never askt her the question so much as whats her name : if you bring any man, woman, or childe, that can say so much behinde my backe, as for he did but kisse her, for I did but kisse her and so let her go : let my Lord *Collatine* instead of plucking my coate, plucke my skin over my eares and turne me away naked, that where-soeuer I shall come I may be held a raw Serving man hereafter.

*Luc.* Sirrah, you know our mind.

*Clo.* If ever I knew what belongs to these cases, or yet know what they meane, if ever I us'd any plaine dealing, or were ever worth such a jewell, would I might die like a begger : if



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

ever I were so far read in my Grammer, as to know what an Interjection is, or a conjunction Copulative, would I might never have good of my *qui quæ quid*: why do you thinke Madam I have no more care of my selfe being but a stripling, then to goe to it at these yeares? flesh and blood cannot endure it, I shall euen spoile one of the best faces in *Rome* with crying at your unkindnesse.

*Luc.* I ha done, see if you can spie your Lord returning from the Court, and give me notice what strangers he brings home with him.

*Enter Collatine, Valerius, Horatius Scevola.*

*Clow.* Yes ile go, but see kind man he saves me a labour.

*Hor.* Come *Valerius* let's heare in our way to the house of *Collatine*, that you went late hammering of concerning the Taverns in *Rome*.

*Val.* Only this *Horatius*.

*Song.*

*The Gentry to the Kings head,  
The Noblest to the Crowne.  
The Knights unto the goulden Fleece,  
And to the plough the Clowne.  
The Church-man to the Miter.  
The Shepheard to the Starre.  
The Gardiner, bies him to Rose,  
To the Drum the man of warre;  
To the Feathers Ladies you; the Globe  
The Sea-man doth not scorne  
The Vsurer to the De. ill. and  
The Townesman to the Horne.  
The Huntsman to the white Hart,  
To the Ship the Marchant goes,  
But you that doe the Muses love  
The Swanne, calde River Poe.  
The Banquerout to the worlds end,  
The Foole to the Fortune hie.  
Vnto the Month, the Oyster wife,  
The Fidler to the Pie,  
The Pannck unto the Cockecatrice.*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*The Drunkard to the Vine,  
The Beggar to the Bush, then meete  
And with Duke Humphrey Dine.*

*Col.* Faire *Lucrece*, I ha brought these Lords from Court  
to feast with thee, firrah prepare us dinner.

*Luc.* My Lord is welcome, so are all his friends, the newes  
at Court Lords.

*Hor.* Madam strange newes : Prince *Sextus* by the enemies  
of *Rome*.

Was nobly us'de, and made their Generall,

Twice hath he met his father in the field,

And foild him by the Warlike *Gabines* aid :

But how hath he rewarded that brave Nation,

That in his great disgrace supported him ?

He tell you Madam, he since the last battell

Sent to his Father a close messenger

To be receiv'd to grace, withall demanding

What he should doe with those his enemies ?

Great *Tarquin* from his Sonne receives this newes,

Being walking in his Garden : when the messenger

Importunde him for answere, the proud King

Lops with his wand the heads of Poppies off,

And sayes no more ; with this uncertaine answer

The messenger to *Sextus* backe returnes,

Who questions of his Fathers words, lookes, gesture ?

He tels him that the haughtie speechles King

Straight apprehends, cuts off the great mens heads,

And having left the *Gabines* without governe,

Flies to his father, and this day is welcom'd

For this his traiterous service by the King,

With all due solemne honours to the Court.

*Scavo.* Curtesie strangely requited, this none but the son  
of *Tarquin* would have enterprisde.

*Val.* I like it, I applaud it, this will come to somewhat in  
the end, when heaven has cast up his account, some of them  
will be calde to a hard reckoning. For my part, I dreamt last  
night I went a fishing.



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*The second new Song.*

*Though the weather jangles  
With our bookes, and our angles,  
Our nets be shaken, and no fish taken :  
Though fresh Cod and Whiting,  
Are not this day biting,  
Gurnets, nor Conger, to satisfie hunger,  
Yet looke to our draught.*

*Hale the maine bowling,  
The seas have left their rowling,  
The waves their huffing, the winds their puffing,  
Vp to the Top-mast Boy,  
And bring us news of joy,  
Heres no demurring, no fish is stirring.  
Yet some thing we have caught.*

*Col.* Leave all to heaven.

*Enter Clowne.*

*Clow.* My Lords, the best plumporedge in all Rome cooles for your honours, dinner is piping hot upon the table : and if you make not the more haste, you are like to have but cold cheare : the Cooke hath done his part, and there's not a dish on the dresser but he has made it smoke for you, if you have good stomackes, and come not in while the meat is hot, you'l'e make hunger and cold meete together.

*Col.* My man's a Rhetorician I can tell you,  
And his conceit is fluent : Enter Lords,  
You must be *Lucrece* guests, and she is scant  
In nothing, for such Princes must not want.

*Exeunt.*

*Manet Valerius and Clowne.*

*Clow.* My Lord *Valerius*, I have even a suit to your honor, I ha not the power to part from you, without a rellish, a note, a tone, we must get an Aire betwixt us,

*Val.* Thy meaning.

*Clo.* Nothing but this,

*Iohn for the King has beene in many ballads,  
Iohn for the King downe dino,  
Iohn for King, has eaten many sallads,  
Iohn for the King sings hey ho.*

*Vale.*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Val.* Thou wouldst have a song, wouldst thou not?

*Clow.* And be everlastingly bound to your honour, I am now forsaking the world and the Devill, and somewhat leaning towards the flesh, if you could but teach me how to choose a wench fit for my stature and complexion, I should rest yours in all good offices.

*Val.* Ile doe that for thee, what's thy name?

*Clow.* My name sir is *Pompie*.

*Val.* Well then attend.

*He sings.*

*Song.*

*Pompie I will shew thee, the way to know  
A daintie dapper wench.*

*First see her all bare, let her skin be rare  
And be toucht with no part of the French :*

*Let her lookes be cleare, and her browes severe,  
Her eye-browes thin and fine :*

*But if she be a punck, and love to be drunke,  
Then keepe her still from the wine.*

*Let her stature be meane, and her body cleane,  
Thou canst not choose but like her :*

*But see she ha good clothes, with a faire Roman nose,  
For that's the signe of a striker.*

*Let her legs be small, but not usd to sprall,  
Her tongue not too lowd nor cocket.*

*Let her arms be strong, and her fingers long,  
But not us'd to dive in pocket.*

*Let her body be long, and her backe be strong,  
With a soft lip that entangles,*

*With an ivorie brest, and her haire well drest,  
Without gold lace or spangles.*

*Let her foote be small, cleane leg'd with hall,  
Her apparell not too gaudy :*

*And one that hath not bin in any house of sinne,  
Nor place that hath been bandy.*

*Clow.* But Gods me, am I trifling here with you, and dinner cooles a'the table, and I am call'd to my attendance, oh my sweet Lord *Valerius* !

*Exeunt.*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

SEN N A T E.

*Enter Tarquin, Porfenna, Tullia, Sextus, Aruns.*

*Tarq.* Next King *Porfenna*, whom we tender dearly,  
Welcome young *Sextus*, thou hast to our yoake,  
Suppress the necke of a proud nation  
The warlike *Gabins*, enemies to *Rome*.

*Sex.* It was my duty Royall Emperour,  
The duty of a Subject and a Sonne.

We at our mothers intercession likewise, (bosome.  
Are now aton'd with *Aruns* whom we here receive into our

*Tul.* This is done like a kinde brother and a naturall sonne.

*Aru.* We enterchange a royall heart with *Sextus*, and  
graft us in your love.

*Tarq.* Now King *Porfenna*, welcome once more, to *Tar-*  
*quin* and to *Rome*.

*Por.* We are prond of your alliance, *Rome* is ours,  
And we are *Romes*, this our religious league  
Shall be carv'd firme in Characters of brasse,  
And live for ever to succeeding times.

*Tar.* It shall *Porfenna*, now this league's establisht.

We will proceed in our determin'd wars,  
To bring the neighbour Nations under us,  
Our purpose is to make young *Sextus* Generall  
Of all our army, who hath prov'd his fortunes  
And found them full of favour : wee le begin

With strong *Ardea*, ha you given in charge (army ?  
To assemble all our Captaines, and take muster of our strong

*Aru.* That buinesse is dispatch't.

*Sex.* We ha likewise sent for all our best commanders to  
take charge according to their merit : Lord *Valerius*,  
Lord *Brutus*, *Cocles*, *Mutius Scevola*,  
And *Collatine* to make due perparatiō for such a gallant siege.

*Tarq.* This day you shall set forward, *Sextus* goe,  
And lets us see your army march along.

Before this King and us, that we may view  
The puissance of our host prepar'd already,  
To lay high-reard *Ardea* waste and lowe.

*Sex.*



## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Sex.* I shall my Liege.

*Tul.* *Aruns* associate him.

*Ar.* A rivall with my brother in his honours.

*Exeunt Aruns and Sextus.*

*Tar.* *Porfenna* shall behold the strength of *Rome*,  
And body of the *Campe*, under the charge  
Of two brave Princes, to lay hostile siege  
Against the strongest Citie that withstands  
The all-commanding *Tarquin*,

*Porf.* Tis an object to please *Porfennas* eye.

*Soft March.*

*Luc.* The host is now upon their March.  
You from this place may see  
The pride of all the Roman Chivalry.

*Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Collatine, Valerius, Scevola, Cocles,*  
*with souldiers, drum and colours, march over the stage, and con-*  
*gee to the King and Queene.*

*Porf.* This sight's more pleasing to *Porfennas* eye.

Then all our rich *Attalia* pompous feasts,  
Or sumptuous revels: we are borne a Souldier,  
And in our nonage suckt the milke of warre.

Should any strange fate lowre upon this army

Or that the mercilesse gulfe of confusion

Should swallow them, we at our proper charge,

And from our native confines vow supply

Of men and armes to make these numbers full.

*Tarq.* You are our Royall brother, and in you,

*Tarquin* is powerfull and maintaines his awe.

*Tullia.* The like *Porfenna* may command of *Rome*,

*Por.* But we have (in your fresh varieties)

Feasted to much, and kept our selfe too long

From our owne seate, our prosperous returne

Hath bin expected by our Lords and Peeres.

*Tarq.* The businesse of our warres thus forwarded.

We ha best leasure for your entertainment,

Which now shall want no due solemnitie.

*Por.* It hath beene beyond both expectation

And merit, but in sight of heaven I sweare,



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

If ever royall *Tarquin* shall demand  
Use of our love, 'tis ready stor'd for you  
Even in our Kingly breast.

*Tar.* The like we vow to King *Porfenna*, we will yet a little  
Enlarge your royall welcome with Rarities,  
Such as Rome yeilds : that done, before we part,  
Of too remote Dominions make one heart :  
Set forward then, our sonnes wage warre abroad,  
To make us peace at home : we are of our selfe  
Without supportance, we all fate defie,  
Aidlesse, and of our selfe we stand thus hie.

*Exeunt.*

*Two souldiers meet as in the watch.*

1. Stand, who goes there ?

2. A friend.

1. Stirre not, for if thou dost ile broach thee straight  
upon this pike. The word ?

2. *Sol. Porfenna.*

1. Passe, stay, who walkes the round to night,  
The generall, or any of his Captaines ?

2. *Sol. Horatius* hath the charge, the other Chieftaines,  
Rest in the Generalls tent, there's no commander  
Of any note, but revell with the Prince :  
And I amongst the rest am charg'd to attend  
Vpon their Rouse.

1. *Sol.* Passe freely, I this night must stand,  
Twixt them and danger, the time of night ?

2. *Sol.* The clocke last told eleven.

1. *Sol.* The powers celestiall that have tooke Rome in  
charge, protect it still.

Againe good night, thus must poore Souldiers do,  
Whil'ft their commanders are with dainties fed,  
And sleepe on Downe, the earth must be our bed.

*Exit.*

*A banquet prepared.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Brutus, Valerius, Horatius,  
Scevola, Collatine.*

*Sex.* Sit round, the enemie is pounded fast

*In*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

In their owne folds, the walles made to oppugne;  
Hostile incurfions become a prison,  
To keepe them fast for execution;  
Ther's no eruption to be feared.

*Bru.* What shall's doe? Come a health to the generalls health; and *Valerius* that sits the most civilly shall begin it, I cannot talke till my blood be mingled with this blood of grapes: Fill for *Valerius*, thou shouldst drinke wel, for thou hast beene in the German warres, if thou lov'st me drinke up se freeza.

*Sex.* Nay since *Brutus* has spoke the word, the first health shall be impos'd on you *Valerius*, and if ever you have beene Germaniz'd, let it be after the Dutch fashion

*Vale.* The generall may command.

*Bru.* He may, why else is he call'd the commander?

*Sex.* We will intreate *Valerius*.

*Vale.* Since you will needs inforce a high German health, looke well to your heads, for I come upon you with this Dutch Tassaker: if you were of a more noble science then you are, it will goe neere to breake your heads round.

*A Dutch Song.*

*O Mork giff men ein man,  
Skerry merry vip,  
O morke giff men ein man  
Skerry merry vap,  
O morke giff men ein man,  
that tik die ten long o drie van een,  
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap  
and skerry merry runke ede 'unk,  
Ede hoore was a hai dedle d'owne  
Dedle drunke a:  
Skerry merry runke ede bunk, ede hoore was drunk a.*

*O daughter ye is in alto kleene,  
Skerry merry vip,  
O daughter ye is ein alt, kleene,  
Skerry merry vap,*



The Rape of Lucrece.

O daughter ye is in alto kleene,  
Te molten slop, ein yert a leene  
Skerry merry vip, and skerry merry vap  
And skerry merry runke ede bunk.  
Ede hoore was a hey dedte downe  
Dedle drunke a :  
Skerry merry, runke ede bunk ede hoore was drunke a.

*Sax.* Grammercies *Valerius*, came this hie-German health  
as double as his double ruffe, i'de pledge it.

*Brut.* Where it Lubecks or double double beere, their owne  
naturall liquor i'de pledge it were it as deep as his ruffe: let the  
health goe round about the board, as his band goes round a-  
bout his necke. I am no more afraid of this dutch fauchion,  
then I should be of the heathenish invention.

*Col.* I must intreat you spare me for my braine brookes not  
the fumes of wine, their vaporious strength offends me much.

*Hor.* I would have none spare me for Ile spare none, *Collatine*  
will pledge no health vnlesse it be to his *Lucrece*.

*Sext.* What's *Lucrece* but a woman, and what are women  
But tortures and disturbance vnto men?

If they be fowle th'are odious, and if faire,  
Th'are like rich vessels full of poysonous drugs,  
Or like black serpents arm'd with golden scales:  
For my owne part they shall not trouble me.

*Brutus.* *Sextus* sit fast for I proclaime my selfe a womans  
champion and shall u nhorse thee else.

*Vale.* For my owne part I'me a married man, and Ile speake  
to my wife to thanke thee *Brutus*.

*Arr.* I have a wife too, and I thinke the most vertuous  
Lady in the world.

*See.* I cannot say but that I have a good wife too, and I  
love her: but if she were in heaven, beshrew me if I would  
with her so much hurt as to desire her companie upon earth  
again, yet upon my honour, though she be not very faire,  
she is exceeding honest.

*Bru.* Nay the lesse beauty, the lesse temptation to despoile  
her honesty.

*See.*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*See.* I should be angry with him that should make question of her honour.

*Brut.* And I angry with thee if thou shouldst not maintaine her honour.

*Ar.* if you compare the vertues of your wives, let me step in for mine.

*Colla.* I should wrong my *Lucrece* not to stand for her.

*Sex.* Ha, ha, all captaines, and stand upon the honesty of your wives; if possible thinke you that women of young spirit and Full age, of fluent wit, that can both sing and dance, Reade, write, such as feede well and taste choice cates, That straight dissolve to puritie of blood, That keepe the veines full, and enflame the appetite Making the spirit able, strong, and prone, Can such as these their husbands being away Employd in forreign sieges or else where, Deny such as importune them at home? Tell me that flaxe will not be toucht with fire, Nor they be won to what they most desire?

*Br.* Shall I end this controversie in a word?

*Sex.* Doe good *Brutus*.

*Br.* I hold some holy, but some apt to sinne,  
Some tractable, but some that none can winne,  
Such as are vertuous, Gold nor wealth can move,  
Some vicious of themselves are prone to love.  
Some grapes are sweet and in the Garden grow.  
Others unprun'd turne wilde neglected so.  
The purest oare containes both Gold and drosse,  
The one all gaine, the other nought but losse.  
The one disgrace, reproch, and scandall taints,  
The other angels and sweet featur'd Saints.

*Col.* Such is my vertuous, *Lucrece*.

*Ar.* Yet she for vertue not comparable to the wife of *Aruns*

*See.* And why may not mine be rankt with the most vertuous?

*Hor.* I would put in for a lot, but a thousand to one I shall draw but a blanke.

*Vale.* I should not shew I lov'd my wife, not to take her

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

part in her absence : I hold her inferiour to none.

*Ar.* Save mine.

*Vale.* No not to her.

*Bru.* Oh this were a brave controversie for a jury of women to arbitrate.

*Col.* Ile hazard all my fortunes on the vertues  
Of divine *Lucrece*, shall we try them thus?  
It is now dead of night, lets mount our steeds,  
Within this two houres we may reach to *Rome*,  
And to our houses all come unprepar'd,  
And unexpected by our hie prais'd wives,  
She of them all that we find best imploid,  
Devoted, and most huswife exercis'd,  
Let her be held most vertuous, and her husband  
Winne by the wager a rich horse and armour.

*Ar.* A hand on that.

*Vale.* Heares a helping hand to that Bargaine.

*Hor.* But shall we to horse without circumstance?

*Sce.* *Scevola* will mounted with the first.

*Sex.* Then mount, Chevall *Brutus* this night take you the  
charge of the army, Ile see the tryall of this wager, 'twould do  
me good to see some of them finde their wives in the armes of  
their Lovers, they are so confident in their vertues : *Brutus*  
weele enterchange, good night, be thou but as provident ore  
the Army as we (if our horses fail not) expeditious in our  
journey : to horse, to horse.

*All.* Farewell good *Brutus*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Lucrece and her two maids.*

*Luc.* But one houre more and you shall all to rest :  
Now that your Lord is absent from this house,  
And that the masters eye is from his charge,  
We must be carefull, and with providence  
Guide his domestick businesse, we ha now  
Given ore all feasting and left revelling,  
Which ill becoms the house whose Lord is absent.  
We banish all excesse till his return,  
In fear of whom my soul doth daily mourn.

\* I Madam,



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

1 Madam, so please you, to repose your self  
Within your Chamber, leave us to our tasks,  
We will not loiter, though you take your rest.

*Luc.* Not so, you shall not overwatch your selves  
Longer then I wake with you, for it fits  
Good huswives, when their husbands are from home,  
To eye their servants labours, and in care,  
And the true manage of his household state,  
Earliest to rise, and to be up most late.  
Since all his businesse he commits to me,  
Ile be his faithfull steward till the Camp  
Dissolve, and he return, thus wives should do,  
“ In absence of their Lords be husbands too.

2 Madam, the Lord *Turnus* his man was thrice for you  
here, to have intreated you home to supper, he sayes his Lord  
takes it unkindle he could not have your company,

*Luc.* To please a loving husband, Ile offend  
The love and patience of my dearest friend,  
Methinks his purpose was unreasonable  
To draw me in my husbands absence forth,  
To feast and banquet, 'twould have ill becomde me,  
To have left the charge of such a spacious house without both  
Lord and Mistresse:  
I am opinion'd thus: Wives should not stray  
Out of their doors their husbands being away:  
Lord *Turnus* excuse me.

1 Pray Madam, set me right into my work.

*Luc.* Being abroad, I may forget the charge  
Imposd me by my Lord, or be compeld  
To stay out late, which were my husband here,  
Might be, without distaste, but he from hence,  
With late abroad, there can no excuse dispencc.  
Here, take your work again, a while proceed,  
And then to bed, for whilst you sow Ile reade.

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Valerius, Collatine,  
Horatius, Scevola.*

*Aru.* I would have hazarded all my hopes, my wife had  
not been so late a revelling.

*Val.*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Vale.* Nor mine at this time of night a gamboling.

*Hor.* They weare so much Corke under their heeles they cannot choose but love to caper.

*See.* Nothing does me good, but that if my wife were watching, all theirs were wantoning, and if I ha lost, none can brag of their winnings.

*Sex.* Now *Collatine* to yours, either *Lucrece* must be better imployd then the rest, or you content to have her vertues rankt with the rest.

*Col.* I am pleas'd.

*Hor.* Soft, soft let's steale upon her as upon the rest, least having some watch-word at our arrivall, we may give her notice to be better prepar'd: may by your leave *Collatine*, weele limit you no advantage.

*Col.* See *Lords*, thus *Lucrece* revels with her maids, In stead of ryot, quaffing, and the practise of high layolties to the ravishing sound of chambring musique, she like a good huswife is teaching of her servants sundrie chares, *Lucrece?*

*Luc.* My Lord and husband welcome, ten times welcome. Is it to see your *Lucrece* you thus late

Ha with your persons hazard left the Camp, (rour.

And trusted to the danger of a night so dark, and full of hor-

*Arn.* *Lords* all's lost.

*Hor.* By *Love* ile buy my wife a wheele, and make her spin for this trike.

*See.* If I make not mine learne to live by the pricke of her needle for this I'm no Roman.

*Col.* Sweete wife salute these *Lords*, thy continence Hath won thy husband a Barbary horse and a rich coat of

*Luc.* O pardon me, the joy to see my Lord, (armes

Tooke from me all respect of their degrees,

The richest entertainement lives with us,

According to the houre and the provision

Of a poore wife in the absence of her husband,

We prostrate to you, howsoever meane,

We thus excuse't, Lord *Collatine* away.

We neither feast, dance, quaffe, riot, nor play,

*Sex.* if one woman among so many bad, may be found good,

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

good, If a white wench may prove a blacke swan, it is *Lucrece*,  
her beantie hath relation to her vertue, and her vertue corres-  
pondent to her beauty, and in both she is matchlesse.

*Col.* Lords will you yeild the wager?

*Ar.* Stay, the wager was as well which of our Wives  
was fairest too, it stretcht as well to their beantie as to their  
continence, who shall judge that?

*Hor.* That can none of us, because we are all parties, let  
Prince *Sextus* determine it who hath bin with us, and bin an  
eye witnesse of their beauties.

*Vale.* Agreed.

*Sec.* I am pleas'd with the censure of Prince *Sextus*.

*Ar.* So are we all.

*Col.* I commit my *Lucrece* holy to the dispose of *Sextus*.

*Sex.* And *Sextus* commits him holy to the dispose of *Lu-*  
I love the Lady and her grace desire, (crece  
Ner can my love wrong what my thoughts admire.

*Ar.* no question but your wife is chaste,  
And thrifty, but this Lady knowes no waste.

*Valerius*, yours is modest, something faire,  
Her grace and beantie are without compare,  
Thine *Mutius* well dispos'd, and of good feature,  
But the world yeilds not so divine a creature.

*Horatius*, thine a smug lasse and grac't well,

But amongst all, faire *Lucrece* doth excell.

Then our impartiall heart and judging eyes,

This verdict gives, faire *Lucrece* wins the prize.

*Col.* Then Lords you are indebted to me a horse and ar-  
mour.

*Omnes.* We yeild it.

*Luc.* Will you taste such welcome Lords, as a poore un-  
provided house can yeild?

*Sex.* Gramercie *Lucrece*, no, we must this night sleepe by  
*Ardea* walles. (Lucrece

*Lu.* But my Lords, I hope my *Collatine* wil not so leave his

*Sex.* He must, we have but idled from the Camp, to try a  
merry wager about their wives, & this the hazard of the kings  
displeasure, should any man be missing from his charge: the  
powers



## The Rape of Lucrece.

powers that governe *Rome* make divine *Lucrece* for ever  
happy, good night.

*Sec.* But *Valerius*, what thinkest thou of the country girles  
from whence we came, compar'd with our city wives whom  
we this night have try'd.

*Val.* *Scevola* thou shalt heare.

### The third new Song.

O yes, roome for the Cryer,  
Who never yet was found a lyer.

O ye fine smug country Lasses,  
That would for Brookes change christall Glasses,  
And be traisap'd from foot to crowne;  
And Straw-beds change for beds of Downe;  
Your Parletsturne into Rebatoes,  
And stead of Carrets eate Potatoes;  
Your Fronlets lay by, and your Rayles,  
And fringe with gold your daggled Tailles:  
Now your Hawke-noses shall have Hoods  
And Billements with golden Studs:  
Strawe-hats shall be no more Bongraces  
From the bright Sunne to hide your faces,  
For hempen smockes to helpe the Itch,  
Have linnen, sewed with silver stich;  
And wherefore they chance to stride,  
One bare before to be their guide.

O yes, roome for the Cryer,  
who never yet was found a lyer.

*Luc.* Wil not my husband repose this night with me?

*Hor.* *Lucrece* shall pardon him, we ha. tooke our leaves of  
our wives, nor shall *Collatine* be before us though our Ladies  
in other things come behind you.

*Col.* I must be swaid: the joys and the delights of many  
thousand nights meete all in one to make my *Lucrece* happy.

*Luc.* I am bound to your strict will, to each good-night.

*Sex.* To horse, to horse *Lucrece* we cannot rest,

Til



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Till our hot lust imbosome in thy brest. *Exeunt, manet Lu.*

*Luc.* With no unkindnesse we should our Lords upbraid,  
Husbands and Kings must alwayes be obaid.  
Nothing save the high busines of the state,  
And the charge given him at *Ardeas* siege,  
Could ha made *Collatine* so much digresse,  
From the affection that he beares his wife.  
But subjects must excuse when Kings claime power.  
But leaving this before the charme of sleepe;  
Cease with his downy wings upon my eyes,  
I must goe take account among my servants  
Of their dayes taske; we must not cherish sloth,  
No covetous thought makes me thus provident,  
But to shunne, Idlenesse which wise men say,  
Begets ranke lust; and vertue beates away. *Exit.*

*Enter Sextus, Aruns, Horatius, Brutus, Sordanius, Valerius.*

*Hor.* Returne to *Rome* now we are in the midway to the  
Camp?

*Sext.* My Lords, 'tis businesse that concernes my life.  
To morrow if we live weele visite thee.

*Vale.* Will *Sextus* enjoyne me to accompany him?

*Sce.* Or me?

*Sext.* Nor you, nor any, 'tis important businesse  
And serious occurrences that call me;  
Perhaps Lords Ile commend you to your wives.

*Collatine* shall I doe you any service to your *Lucrece*?

*Col.* Onle commend me.

*Sext.* What, no private token to purchase our kind welcom?

*Col.* Would Royall *Sextus* would but honour me to beare  
her a slight token.

*Sext.* What?

*Col.* This Ring,

*Sext.* As I am Royall I will see't delivered.  
This Ring to *Lucrece* shall my love convey,  
And in this gift thou dost thy bed betray.  
To morrow we shall meete, this night sweet fate,

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

May I prove welcome though a guest ingrate. *Exit.*

*Arn.* Hees for the Citie, we for the Camp, the night makes  
the way teadious and melancholly, prethee a merry song to  
beguile it.

*Song.*

*He sings.*

*Val.* *There was a young man and a maid fell in love,  
Terry dery ding, terry terry ding, terry terry dino.  
To get her good will he often did,  
Terry dery ding, terry dery ding laughtid dille,  
Theres many will say, and most will allow, terry dery &c.  
Theres nothing so good as a terry dery dery, &c.  
I would wish all maids before they be sicke, terry dery, &c.  
To inquire for a young man that has a good terry dery, &c.*

*Sce.* Nay, my Lord, I heard them all have a conceite of  
an Englishman, a strange people, in the western Islands,  
one that for his variety in habit, humour and gesture, put  
downe all other nations whatsoever, a little of that if you  
love me.

*Valle.* Well *Scevola*, you shall.

*Song.*

*The Spaniard loves his ancient slop,  
The Lumbard his Kenetian,  
And some, like breech-lesse women goe:  
The Russe, Turke, Iew, and Grecian,  
The threyssly Frenchman wears small waste,  
The Dutch his belly boasteth:  
The Englishman is for them all;  
And for each fashion coasteth.*

*The Turke in Linnen wraps his head,  
The Persian his in Lawne too.  
The Russe with sables fures his Cap,  
And charge, will not be drawne too:  
The Spaniards constant to his blocke;  
The French, inconstant ever,*



## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*But of all Fealts that can be felt,  
Give me your English Beaver.*

*The German loves his Conny-wooll:  
The Irishman his Shagge-too.  
The Welsh his Munmouth loves to weare  
And of the same will bragg too.  
Some love the rough, and some th' smooth,  
Some great, and others small things,  
But Oh, your lecherous Englishman:  
Hee loves to deale in all things.*

*The Russe drinke quaffes, Dutch, lubecks Beere.  
And that is strong and mighty.  
The Brittain, he Metheglen quaffes,  
The Irish, Aqua vita,  
The French affects the Orleance Grape.  
The Spaniard tastes his Sherry,  
The English none of these can scape:  
But hee with all makes merry.*

*The Italian in her high Chapeene,  
Scotch Lasse, and lovely Froa-too.  
The Spanish Donna, French Madam:  
He will not feare to ge too;  
Nothing so full of Hazard dread.  
Nought lives above the Center,  
No Fashion, Health, no Wine, nor Wench,  
On which hee dare not center.*

*Hor. Good Valerius, this has brought us even to the skirts  
of the campe; enter Lords, Exit. Enter Sextus and Lucrece.*

*Luc. This Ring my Lord hath opt the gates to you,  
For thongh I know you for a Royall Prince  
My soveraignes Sonne, and freind to Collatine  
Withont that key you had not entred heere.  
More lights and see a banquet straight provided,  
My love to my deere husband shall appeare*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

In the kinde welcome that I give his friend.

*Sex.* Not love-ficke, but love-lunaticke, love-mad :  
I am all fire, impatience, and my blood  
Boyles in my heart, with loose and censuall thoughts.

*Luc.* A chaire for the Prince, may' t please your highnes sit?

*Sex.* Madam, with you. (trencher.

*Luc.* It will become the wife of *Collatine* to wait upon your

*Sex.* You shall sit : behind us at the camp we left our state,  
W'are but your guest, indeede you shall not waite :

Her modestie hath such strong power ore me,  
And such a reverence hath fate given her, brow,  
That it appeares a kinde of blasphemy,  
T'have any wanton word harsh in her eares.

I cannot woo, and yet I love bove measure,  
Tis force not suite must purchase this rich treasuer.

*Luc.* Your highnesse cannot taste such homely cates.

*Sex.* Indeed I cannot feede (but on thy face,  
Thou art the banquet that my thoughts imbrace)

*Luc.* Knew you my Lord, what free and zealous welcome  
We tender you, your highnesse would presume  
Vpon your entertainment : oft, and many times  
I have heard my husband speake of *Sextus* valour,  
Extoll your worth, prayse your perfection, (Lucrece  
to dote upon your valor, and your friendship prise next his

*Sex.* Oh impious lust, in all things base, respectles and unjust!  
Thy vertue, grace, and fame, I must enjoy,  
Though in the purchase I all *Rome* destroy.  
Madam, if I be welcome as your vertue bids me presume I am,  
Carouse to me a health unto your husband.

*Luc.* A womans draught my Lord, to *Collatine*.

*Sext.* Nay you must drinke off all.

*Luc.* Your grace must pardon the tender weaknesse of a  
womans braine.

*Sex.* It is to *Collatine*.

*Luc.* Methinks'twould ill become the modestie  
Of any Roman Lady to carouse,  
And drowne her vertues in the juice of grapes.  
How can I shew my love unto my husband

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

To doe his wife such wrong ? by too much wine  
I might neglect the charge of this great house  
Left soly to my keepe; else my example  
Might in my servants breed encouragement  
So to offend, both which were pardonlesse,  
Else to your Grace I might neglect my dutie,  
And slacke obeyfance to so great a guest :  
All which being accidentall unto wine.  
Oh let me not so wrong my *Colatine*.

*Sex.* We excuse you, her perfections like a torrent  
With violence breaks upon me, and at once  
Inverts and swallows all that's good in me.  
Preposterous Fates, what mischiefes you involve  
Vpon a Caltiffe Prince, left to the fury  
Of all grand mischiefe ? hath the grandame world  
Yet smothered such a strange abortiue wonder,  
That from her vertues should arise my sinne ?  
I am worst then wht's most ill depriv'd all reason  
My heart all fierie lust, my soule all treason.

*Luc.* My Lord, I feare your health, your changing brow  
Hath shewne so much disturbance, noble *Sextus*,  
Hath not your ventrous travell from the Campe,  
Nor the moylt rawnes of this humorous night impaired your  
health ?

*Sex.* Divinest *Lucrece* no. I cannot eate.

*Luc.* To rest then, a rank of torches there, attend the Prince.

*Sex.* Madam I doubt I am a guest this night.

Too trouble some, and I offend your rest.

*Luc.* This Ring speaks for me, that next *Collatine* you are to  
me most welcome, yet my Lord thus much presume, without  
this from his hand, *Sextus* this night could not have entred  
here: no, not the king himselfe :

My doers the day time to my friends are free,  
But in the night the obdure gates are lesse kinde.  
Without this ring they can no entrance finde.  
Lights for the Prince.

*Sex.* A kisse and so goodnight, nay for your rings sake deny  
not that.



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Lu.* Iove give your highnes soft and sweete repose,  
*Sex.* And thee the like with soft and sweete content,  
My vowes are fixe, my thoughts on mischief bent.

*Exit with torches.*

*Luc.* Tis late, so many starres shine in this roome,  
By reason of this great and Princely guest,  
The world might call our modestie in question,  
To revell thus, our husband at the Campe,  
Haste and to rest; save in the Princes chamber,  
Let not a light appeare, my hearts all sadnesse,  
Iove unto thy protection I commit  
My chastitie and honour to thy keepe,  
My waking soule I give whilst my thoughts sleepe. *Exit.*

*Enter Clowne and a Servingman.*

*Clow.* Soft, soft not too loud, imagine we were now going  
on the ropes with egges on our heeles, he that hath but a creak-  
ing shooe I would he had a creeke in is neck, tread not too  
hard for disturbing Prince *Sextus*.

*Ser.* I wonder the Prince would ha none of us stay in his  
Chamber, and helpe him to bed.

*Clow.* What an asse art thou to wonder, there may be many  
causes: thou knowst the Prince is a Souldier, and Souldiers ma-  
ny time want shift: who can say whether he have a cleane shirt  
on or no: for any thing that we know he hath us'd staves aker,  
or hath tane a medecine to kill the itch, what's that to us, we  
did our duty to proffer our selves.

*Ser.* And what should we enter farther into his thoughts?  
come shalls to bed? I me as drowfie as a dormouse, and my  
head is as heavy as though I had a night-cap of lead on.

*Clow.* And my eyes begin to glew themselves together, I  
was till supper was done all together for your repast, and now  
after supper I am onely for your repose: I thinke for the two  
vertues of eating and sleeping, there's never a Roman spirit  
under the Cope of heaven can put me downe.

*Enter Mirable.*

*Mir.* For shame what a conjuring, and catter-walling  
keepe

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

keepe you here, that my Lady cannot sleepe : you sha'll have her all by and by, and send you all to bed with a witnesse.

*Clo.* Sweete Mistris *Mirable* we are going.

*Mir.* You are too loud, come, every man dispose him to his rest, and ile to mine.

*Ser.* Out with your Torches.

*Clow.* Come then, and everyman sneake into his kennell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Sextus with his Sword drawne and  
a Taper light.*

*Sex.* Night be as secret as thou art close, as close  
As thou art blacke and darke, thou ominous Queene  
Of *Tenebrouse* silence, make this fatall houre  
As true to Rape, as thou hast made it kind  
To murder, and harsh mischief : *Cynthia* maske thy cheeke,  
And all you sparkling elementall fires  
Choake up your beauties in prodigious fogs,  
Or be extinct in some thicke vaporious clouds,  
Least you behold my practise : I am bound  
Vpon a blacke adventure, on a deede  
That must wound vertue, and make beautie bleed,  
Pause *Sextus*, and before thou runst thy selfe  
Into this violent danger, weigh thy sinne,  
Thou art yet free, belov'd, grac'd in the Campe,  
Of great opinion and undoubted hope,  
*Romes* darling in the universall grace,  
Both of the field, and senate : were these fortunes  
To make thee great in both, backe yet, thy fame  
Is free from hazard, and thy stile from shame,  
Oh fate ! thou hast usurpt such power o're man,  
That where thou pleadst thy will no mortall can.  
On then blacke mischief hurrey me the way,  
My selfe I must destroy, her life betray,  
The state of King and Subject, the disleasure  
Of Prince and people, the revenge of noble,  
And the contempt of base the incurd vengeance  
Of my wrongd kinsman *Collatine*, the Treason  
Against divin' it *Lucrece* : all these totall curses

*Foreseene*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Foreseene not feard upon one *Sextus* meete,  
To make my dayes harsh: so this night be sweete,  
No iarre of Clocke, no ominous hatefull howle  
Of any starting Hound, no horse-coughe breath'd from the  
Of any drowfie Groome, wakes this charm'd silence (entrails  
And starts this generall slumber, forward still, *Lu. discovered*  
To make thy lust live, all thy vertues kill. *(in her bed.*  
Heere, heere, behold! beneath these curtains lies  
That bright enchantresse, that hath daz'd my eyes.  
Oh who but *Sextus* could commit such waste?  
On one so faire, so kinde, so truly chaste?  
Or like a ravisher thus rudely stand,  
To offend this face, this brow, this lip, this hand?  
Or at such fatall houres these revels keepe,  
With thought once to defile thy innocent sleepe,  
Save in this brest, such thoughts could finde no place,  
Or pay with treason her kinde hospitall grace;  
But I am lust-burnt all, bent on what's bad,  
That which should calme good thought, makes *Tarquin* mad.  
Madam *Lucrece*?

*Luc.* Whose that? oh me! be shrew you.

*Sex.* Sweet, tis I.

*Luc.* What I?

*Sex.* Make roome.

*Luc.* My husband *Collatine*?

*Sex.* Thy husband's at the Campe.

*Luc.* Heere is no place for any man save him.

*Sex.* Grant me that grace.

*Luc.* What are you?

*Sex.* *Tarquin* and thy friend, and must enjoy thee.

*Luc.* Heaven such sinnes defend.

*Sex.* Why doe you tremble Lady? cease this feare,  
I am alone, there's no suspicious eare  
That can betray this deede: nay start not sweete.

*Luc.* Dreame I, or am I full awake? oh no!  
I know I dreame to see Prince *Sextus* so.  
Sweete Lord awake me, rid me from this terror,  
I know you for a Prince, a Gentleman,

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Royall and honest, one that loves my Lord,  
And would not wracke a womans chastitie  
For *Romes* imperiall Diadem, oh then  
Pardon this dream, for being awake I know  
Prince *Sextus*, *Romes* great hope, would not for shame  
Havocke his owne worth, or dispoile my fame.

*Sex.* I'me bent on both my thoughts are all on fire,  
Choose thee, thou must imbrace death, or desire.

Yet doe I love thee, wilt thou accept it?

*Luc.* No.

*Sex.* I not thy love, thou must enjoy thy foe:  
Where faire meanes cannot, force shall make my way:

By *love* I must enjoy thee.

*Luc.* Sweet Lord stay.

*Sex.* I'me all impatience, violence and rage.

And save thy bed nought can this fire asswage: wilt love me?

*Luc.* No, I cannot.

*Sex.* Tell me why?

*Luc.* Hate me. and in that hate first let me die.

*Sex.* By *love* ile force thee. (forbear

*Luc.* By a God you sweare, to do a devils deed, sweet Lord  
By the same *love* I sweare that made this soule,  
Never to yeild unto an act so fowle.

Helpe, helpe.

*Sex.* These pillowes first shall stop thy breath,  
If thou but shrickest harke how ile frame thy death.

*Luc.* For death: I care not, so I keepe maintaine  
The uncraz'd honour I have yet maintaine.

*Sex.* Thou canst keepe neither, for if thou but squeakest  
Or letst the least harsh noise jarre in my eare,  
Ile broach thee on my steeles that done, straight murder  
One of thy basest Groomes, and lay you both  
Graspt arme in arme, on thy adulterate bed,  
Then call in witnesse of that mechall sinne,  
So shalt thou die, thy death be scandalous,  
Thy name be odious, thy suspected body  
Denide all funerall rites, and loving *Collatine*  
Shall hate thee even in death: then save all this,  
And to thy fortunes adde another friend,



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Give thy feares comfort, and these torments end.

*Luc.* Ile die first, and yet heare me, as y'are noble,  
If all your goodnesse and best generous thoughts  
Be not exilde your heart, pittie, oh pity  
The Vertues of a woman : marre not that  
Cannot be made againe : this once defilde,  
Not all the Ocean waves can purifie  
Or wash my staine away : you seeke to soyle,  
That which the radiant splendor of the Sunne  
Cannot make bright againe : behold my teares,  
Oh thinke them pearled drops, distilled from the heart  
Of Soule-chast *Lucrece* : thinke them Orators, (man.  
To pleade the cause of absent *Collatine*, your friend and kinf-  
*Sex.* Tush, I am obdure.

*Luc.* Then make my name foule, keepe my body pure,  
Oh Prince of Princes, do but weigh your sinne,  
Thinke how much I shall loose, how small you winne.  
I loose the the honour of my name and blood,  
Losse, *Romes* imperiall Crowne cannot make good.  
You winne the worlds shame and all good mens hate,  
Oh who would pleasure, buy at such deere rate,  
Nor can you terme it pleasure, for what is sweet,  
Where force and hate, jarre and contention meet ?  
Weigh but for what tis that you urge me still,  
To gaine a womans love against her will ?  
Youle but repent such wrong done a chaste wife,  
And thinke that labour's not worth all your strife.  
Curse your hot lust, and say you have wrong'd your friends,  
But all the world cannot make me amends,  
I tooke you for a friend, wrong not my trust,  
But let these chaste tearmes quench your fierie lust,

*Sex.* No, those moist teares contending with my fire,  
Quench not my heat, but make it elime much higher :  
Ile drag thee hence,

*Luc.* Oh!

*Sex.* If thou raise these cries, lodg'd in thy slaughtered  
armes some base Groome dyes.

And Rome that hath admired thy name so long

Shall

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Shall blot thy death with scandal from my tongue.

*Luc.* Love guard my innocence.

*Sex.* *Lucrece* thou art mine:

In sight of Love and all the powers divine.

*He beares her out.*

*Enter a Servingman.*

*Ser.* What's a Clocke to? my Lord bad me be early readie with my Gelding, for he would ride betimes in the morning: now had I rather be up an houre before my time then a minute after for my Lord will be so infinite angry if I but over-sleepe my selfe a moment, that I had better be out of my life then in his displeasure: but soft, some of my Lord *Collatines* men lie in the next chamber, I care not if I call them up, for it growes towards day: what *Pompey*, *Pompey*?

*Clo.* Who is that calls?

*Ser.* His Lordship's man.

*Clo.* Whose that, my Lord *Sextus* his man, what a pox make you up before day?

*Ser.* I would have the key of the Gate to come at my Lords Horse in the stable.

*Clo.* I would my Lord *Sextus* and you were both in the hay-loft, for *Pompey* can take none of his naturall rest among you; heres eene Ostler rise and give my horse another pecke of hay.

*Ser.* Nay good *Pompey* helpe me to the key of the Stable.

*Clo.* Well, *Pompey* was borne to do *Rome* good in being so kinde to the young Prince's Gelding, but if for my kindness in giving him Peate and Oates he should kicke me, I should feare say God a mercy horse: but come, Ile goe with thee to the stable.

*Exeunt*

*Enter Sextus and Lucrece unready.*

*Sex.* Nay, weepe not sweete, what's done is past recall,  
Call not thy name in question, by this sorrow  
Which is yet without blemish, what hath past  
Is hid from the worlds eye, and onely private  
Twixt us, faire *Lucrece*: pull not on my head,  
The wrath of *Rome*; if I have done thee wrong,



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Love was the cause, thy fame is without blot.  
And thou in *Sexius* hast a true friend got,  
Nay sweet looke up, thou onely hast my heart,  
I must be gone, *Lucrece* a kisse and part.

*Lu.* Oh! *Sexius* she flings from him and Exit.

*Sex.* No? peevish dame farewell, then be the bruter  
Of thy owne shame, which *Tarquinius* would conceale,  
I am arm'd 'gainst all can come, let mischief frowne,  
With all his terror arm'd with ominous fate,  
To all their spleenes a welcome ile afford,  
With this bold heart, strong hand and my good sword.

Exit.

Enter *Brutus*, *Valerius*, *Horatius*, *Aruns*,

*Scevola*, *Collatine*.

*Bru.* What so early *Valerius* and your voyce not up yet?  
thou wast wont to be my Larke, and raise me with thy early  
notes: why art thou silent now?

*Val.* I was never so hard set yet my Lord, but I had ever a  
fit of mirth for my friend.

*Bru.* Prethee lets heare it then while we may, for I divine  
thy musique and my madnesse are both short liv'd, we shall  
have somewhat else to doe ere long we hope *Valerius*.

*Hor.* Iove send it.

Packe clouds away, and welcome day,  
With night we banish sorrows;  
Sweete Ayre blow soft, mount Lark aloft,  
To give my love good morrow.  
Winges from the winde, to please her minde,  
Notes from the Larke ile borrow;  
Bird prune thy wing, Nightingale sing:  
To give my love good morrow,  
To give my love good m rrow,  
Notes from them all I'ie borrow.

Wake from thy nest Robin red-brest,  
Sing Birds in every Furrow,  
And from each bill, let Musicke shrill,

Give

## The Rape of Lucrece.

Give my faire love good morrow :  
Blacke-bird and Thrush, in euery Bush,  
Stare, Linnet, and Cock-sparrow,  
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,  
Sing my faire love good morrow.  
To giue my love good morrow,  
Sing Birdes in every Furrow.

*Bru.* Me thinks our warres go not well forwards, *Horatius* we have greater enemies to bustle with then the *Ardeans*, if we durst but front them.

*Hor.* Would it were come to fronting.

*Bru.* Then we married men should have the advantage of the batchelers *Horatius*, especially such as have reveling wives, those that can caper in the Citie, while their husbands are in the Camp, *Collatine* why are you so sad? the thought of this should not trouble you, having a *Lucrece* to your bedfellow.

*Col.* My Lord I know no cause of discontent, yet cannot I be merry

*Sce.* Come, come, make him merry, lets have a song in praise of his *Lucrece*.

*Val.* Content.

### The fourth new Song : In the praise of *Lucrece*.

On two white Colomns archt she stands,  
Some snow would thinke them sure;  
Some Christall, others Lillies stript,  
But none of those so pure.

This beauty when I contemplate  
What riches I behold,  
'Tis rooft within with vertuous thoughts,  
Without, 'tis thatcht with gold.

Two doores there are to enter at,  
The one I le not enquire,  
Because conceal'd, the other scene,  
Whose sight inflames desire.



*The Ripe of Lucrece.*

*Whether the porch be Corra<sup>n</sup> cleere,  
Or with rich Crimson lin'd,  
Or Rose-leaves, lusting all the yeere  
It is not yet driv'n'd.*

*Her eyes not made of purest glasse,  
Or Christall, but transpareth;  
The life of Diamonds they surpassse,  
Their very sight insnareth.*

*That which without we rough-cast call,  
To stand 'gainst winde and weather,  
For its rare beauty equalls all  
That I have nam'd together.*

*For were it not by modest Art  
Kept from the sight of skies,  
It would strike dim the Sunne it selfe,  
And daze the gazers eyes.*

*The Case so rich, how may we praise  
The jewell I dg'd within,  
To draw their praise I were unwise,  
To wrong them it were sinne.*

*Ar. I should be frolicke if my brother were but return'd to  
the Camp.*

*Hor. And in good time behold Prince Sextus.*

*Omnes. Health to our Generall.*

*Sex. Thank you.*

*Br. Will you suruey your forces, and give order for a pre-  
sent assault, your souldiers long to be tugging with the  
Ardeans.*

*Sex. No.*

*Col. Have you seene Lucretia my Lord; how fares she?*

*Sex. Well, Ile to my Tent.*

*Ar. Why how now, whats the matter brother?*

*Exeunt the brothers.*

*Br.*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Bru.* Thank you, No, well, Ile to my Tent: Get thee to thy Tent and coward goe with thee, if thou hast noe more spirit to a speedie encounter.

*Vale.* Shall I goe after him and know the cause of his discontent?

*See.* Or I may Lord?

*Bru.* Neither, to pursue a foole in his humor? is the next way to make him more humorous, Ile not be guiltie of his folly, thank you, no, before I wish him health agen when he is sicke of the sullens, may I die, not like a Roman, but like a runagate.

*See.* Perhaps hee's not well.

*Bru.* Well: then let him be.

*Vale.* Nay if he bedying I could wish he were, Ile ring out his funerall peale, and this it is.

*Come list and harke*

*The Bell doth towle,*

*For some but new*

*Departing soule.*

*And was not that*

*Some ominous fowle,*

*The Bat the Night-*

*Crow or Skreech-Owle.*

*To these I heare*

*The wild-Woolfe Howle*

*In this black night*

*That seemes to Skowle.*

*All these my black-*

*Booke. shall in-rowle.*

*For Harke, still still*

*The Bell doth towle*

*For some but now*

*Departing soule.*

*See.* Excellent *Valerius* but is not that *Collatines* man?

*Enter Clowne.*

*Vale.* The newes with this hasty post.

*Clo.*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Clo.* Did nobody see my Lord *Collatine*? oh! my Ladie commendeth her to you, her's a letter.

*Col.* Give it me.

*Clo.* Fie upon't, never was poore *Pompey* so over-labour'd as I have beene, I thinke I have spurd my horse such a question, that he is scarce able to wig or wag his tayle for an answer, but my Lady bad me spare for no horse flesh, and I thinke I have made him runne his race.

*Bru.* Cosen *Collatine* the newes at *Rome*?

*Col.* Nothing but what you all may well pertake, reade here my Lord,

*Brutus* readeth the letter.

Deere Lord, if ever thou wilt see thy *Lucrece*.

Choose of the friends which thou affectest best,

And all important businesse set apart,

Repaire to *Rome*: commend me to Lord *Brutus*,

*Valerius*, *Mutius*, *Horatius*.

Say I'll treat their presence, where my Father

*Lucretius* shall attend them, farewell sweet,

Th' affaires are great, then doe not faile to meete.

*Bru.* He thither as I live.

*Col.* I though I die.

*Sce.* To *Rome* with expeditious wings weele flie.

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Exit.*

*Hor.* The newes, the newes, if it have any shape  
Of sadnesse, if some prodemie have have chanc't,

That may beget revenge, ile cease to chafe,

Vex, martyr, grieve, torture, torment my selfe,

And tune my humor to strange straines of mirth,

My soule divines some happinesse, speake, speake:

I know thou hast some newes that will create me

Mertie and musically, for I would laugh,

(thee.

Be new transhapt, I prethee sing *Valerius* that I may aye with

*The last new Song.*

*I'de thinke my selfe as proud in Shackles,*

*As doth the ship in all her Tackles:*

*The wise-man boasts no more his Braines.*

*Then I'de insult in Gyves and Chaines:*

*As*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*As Creditors would use there Debtors,  
So could I toss and shake my Fetters,  
But not confesse, my thoughts should be  
In durance fast as those kept me.  
And could when spight their hurts Invirons.  
Then dance to th' musick of my Irons.*

*Vale.* Now tell us what's the project of thy message?

*Cl.* My Lords, the Princely *Sextus* has beene at home, but what he hath done there I may partly mistrust, but cannot altogether resolve you: besides, my Lady swore me, that whatsoever I suspected I should say nothing.

*Val.* If thou wilt not say thy minde I prethee sing thy minde, and then thou maist save thine oath.

*Cl.* Indeed I was not sworne to that, I may either laugh out my newes or sing em, and so I may save mine oath to my Lady.

*Hor.* How's all at *Rome*, that with such sad presage  
Disturbed *Collatine* and noble *Brutus*  
Are hurried from the Camp with *Scevola*?  
And we with expedition amongst the rest,  
Are charg'd to *Rome*? speake what did *Sextus* there with thy  
faire Mistrresse?

*Val.* Second me my Lord, and weele urge him to disclose it.

*Valerius, Horatius, and the Clowne*  
their Catch.

*Val.* Did he take faire *Lucrece* by the toe man?

*Hor.* Toe man.

*Val.* I man.

*Clow.* Ha ha ha ha ha man.

*Hora.* And further did he strive to go man?

*Clow.* Go man.

*Hor.* I man.

*Clow.* Ha ha ha ha man, fa derry derry downe  
ha fa derry dino.

*Val.* Did he take faire *Lucrece* by the heele man?

I

*Clow.*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Clow. *Heele man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *And did he further strive to feele man?*

Clow. *Feele man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clo. *Ha ha ha ha man, ha fa derry. &c.*

Val. *Did he take the Lady by the shin man?*

Clow. *Shin man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Haha ha ha man.*

Hor. *Further too would he have been man?*

Clow. *Been man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, Ha fa dery, &c.*

Val. *Did he take the lady by the knee man?*

Clow. *Knee man.*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *Farther then that would he be man?*

Clow. *Be man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.*

Val. *Did he take the Lady by the thigh man?*

Clow. *Thigh man.*

Val. *Lman.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *And now he came it somewhat nie man.*

Clow. *Nie man.*

Hor. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man, Hey fa dery, &c.*

Val. *But did he do the tother thing man?*

Clow. *Thing man?*

Val. *I man.*

Clow. *Ha ha ha ha man.*

Hor. *And at the same bad he a fling man.*

Clo. *Fling man.* Hor. *I man.* Clo. *Hay ha ha man, hey fa dery, &c.*

*Exeunt.*

*A*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*A Table and a Chaire covered with blacke.*

*Lucrece and her Maid.*

*Luc.* Mirable.

*Maid.* Madam.

*Luc.* Is not my father old *Lucretius* come yet?

*Maid.* Not yet.

*Luc.* Nor any from the Campe?

*Maid.* Neither Madam.

*Luc.* Go, begone, and leave me to the truest grief of heart,  
That ever entred any Matrons brest: Oh!

*Maid.* Why weepe you Lady? alas why do you staine  
Your modest cheekes with these offensive teares?

*Luc.* Nothing, nay, nothing: oh you powerfull Gods,  
That should have Angels guardents on your throne.

To protect innocence and chastitie! oh why

Suffer you such inhumane massacre

On harmlesse vertue? wherefore take you charge,

On sinlesse soules to see them wounded thus

With Rape or violence? or give white innocence,

Armor of proofe gainst sinne: or by oppression

Kill vertue quite, and guerdon base transgression?

Is it my fate above all other women?

Or is my sinne more hainous then the rest,

That amongst Thousands, millions, infinites,

I, onely I, should to this shame be borne,

To be a staine to women, natures scorne? oh!

*Maid.* What ailes you Madam, truth you make me weep

To see you shed salt teares: what hath opprest you?

Why is your chamber hung with mourning blacke?

Your habit sable, and your eyes thus swolne

With ominous teares, alas what troubles you?

*Luc.* I am not sad, thou didst deceive thy selfe,

I did not weepe, ther's nothing troubles me,

But wherefore dost thou blush?

*Maid.* Madam not I.

*Luc.* Indeed thou didst, and in that blush my gilt thou didst  
How cam'it thou by the notice of my sinne? (betray

*Maid.* What sinne?



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Luc.* My blot, my scandall, and my shame :  
Oh *Tarquin*, thou my honour didst betray,  
Disgrace no time, no age can wipe away, oh !

*Maid.* Sweet Lady cheare your selfe, Ile fetch my Violl,  
And see if I can sing you fast asleepe,  
A little rest would weare away thi passion.

*Luc.* Do what thou wilt, I can command no more,  
Being no more a woman, I am now  
Devote to death and an inhabitant  
Of th'other world : these eyes must ever weepe  
Till fate hath closd them with eternall sleepe.

*Enter Brutus, Collatine, Horatius, Scevola, Valerius one  
way Lucretius another way.*

*Luc.* Brutus !

*Brn.* Lucretius :

*Luc.* Father !

*Col.* Lucrece !

*Luc.* Collatine !

*Brn.* How cheare you Madam ? how ist with you cousen ?  
Why is your eye deject and drown'd in sorrow ?  
Why is this funerall blacke, and ornaments  
Of widdow-hood ? resolve me cousen *Lucrece*.

*Her.* How fare you Lady ?

*Old Luc.* What's the matter girle ?

*Col.* Why how is't with you *Lucrece*, tell me sweete ?  
Why do'st thou hide thy face ? and with thy hand  
Darken those eyes that were my Sonnes of joy,  
To make my pleasures flourish in the Spring ?

*Luc.* Oh me !

*Val.* Whence are these sighes and teares ?

*Sce.* How growes this passion ?

*Brn.* Speake Lady, you are hem'd in with your friends.  
Girt in a pale of safety, and environ'd  
And circled in a fortresse of your kindred.  
Let not those drops fall fruitles to the ground,  
Nor let your sighes adde to the sencelesse wind.  
Speake, who hath wrong'd you ?

*Luc.*

## *The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Luc.* Ere I speake my woe,  
Sweare youle revenge poore *Lucrece* on her foe.

*Br.* Be his head archt with gold.

*Hor.* Be his hand arm'd with an imperiall Scepter.

*Old Luc.* Be he great as *Tarquin*, thron'd in an imperiall seat.

*Br.* Be he no more then mortall, he shall feele

The vengefull edge of this victorious steele.

*Luc.* Then seat you Lords, whilst I expresse my wrong.  
Father dear husband, and my kinsman, Lords,  
Heare me, I am dishonour'd and disgrac'd,  
My reputation mangled, my renowne  
disparaged, but my body, oh my body.

*Col.* What *Lucrece*?

*Luc.* Stain'd, polluted, and defil'd.  
Strange steps are found in my adulterate bed,  
And though my thoughts be white as innocence,  
Yet is my body soild with lust-burn'd sinne,  
And by a stranger I am strumpeted, (Matrons.  
Ravish't, in forc'd, and am no more to rank among the Roman

*Br.* Yet cheere you Lady, and restraîne these teares,  
If you were forc'd the sin concernes not you, Ravisher &  
A woman's borne but with womans strength: who was the

*Hor.* I, name him Lady, our love to you shall only thus  
appeare in the revenge that we will take on him.

*Luc.* I hope so Lords, 'twas *Sextus* the Kings Sonne.

*Omnes.* How? *Sextus Tarquin*!

*Luc.* That unprincely Princc, who guest-wife entred with  
my husbands Ring,

This Ring, oh *Collatine*! this Ring you sent  
Is cause of all my woe, your discontent.  
I feasted him, then lodg'd him, and bestowde  
My choifest welcome, but in the dead of night  
My traiterous guest came arm'd unto my bed,  
Frighted my silent sleepe, threatned, and praid  
For entertainment: I despised both.

Which hearing, his sharp pointed Semiter  
The Tyrant bent against my naked brest,  
Alas, I beg'd my death, but note his tyranny



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

He brought with him a torment worse then death,  
For having murthered me, he Swore to kill  
One of my basest Groomes, and lodge him dead  
In my dead armes : then call in testimonie  
Of my adulterie, to make me hated  
Even in my death, of husband, father, friends,  
Of *Rome* and all the world : this, this, oh princes, Ravisht  
and kild me at once.

*Col.* Yet comfort Lady, I quit thy guilt, for what could  
*Lucrece* doe more then a woman ? hadst thou dide polluted  
By this base scandall, thou hadst wrong'd thy fame :  
And hindred us of a most just revenge.

*All.* What shall we do Lords ?

*Bru.* Lay your resolute hands upon the sword of *Brutus*,  
Vow and sweare, as you hope meed for merit from the Gods,  
Or feare reward for sinne, from devils below :  
As you are Romans, and esteeme your fame  
More then your lives, all humorous toys set off.  
Of madding, singing, smiling, and what else,  
Receive your native valours, be your selves,  
And joyne with *Brutus* in the just revenge  
Of this chaste ravisht Lady, sweare.

*All.* We do.

*Luc.* Then with your humours heere my grief ends too,  
My flaine I thus wipe off, call in my sighes,  
And in the hope of this revenge, forbear  
Even to my death to fall one passionate teare,  
Yet Lords, that you may crowne my innocence  
With your best thoughts, that you may henceforth know  
We are the same in heart we seeme in show.  
And though I quit my soule of all such sin, *The Lords whisper*  
Ile not debare my body punishment :  
Let all the world, learne of a Roman dame,  
To prize her life lesse then her honor'd fame.

*Kils her selfe.*

*Lucr. Lucrece.*

*Col. Wife.*

*Bru. Lady.*

*Scev.* She hath flaine her selfe.

*Val,*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Val.* Oh see yet Lords if there be hope of life,

*Brn.* She's dead, then turne your funerall teares to fire  
And indignation, let us now redeeme  
Our mil-spent time, and overtake our floath  
With hostile expedition, this great Lords,  
This bloody knife, on which her chaste blood flowed,  
Shall not from *Brutus* till some strange revenge fall on the  
heads of *Tarquins*.

*Hor.* Now's the time to call their pride to comp',  
*Brutus* lead on, Weele follow thee to their confusion.

*Vale.* By *Iove* we will, the sprightfull youth of *Rome*  
Trickt up in plumed harnessse shall attend  
The march of *Brutus*, whom we here create our Generall  
against the *Tarquins*.

*Sec.* Be it so.

*Brn.* We embrace it: now to stir the wrath of *Rome*,  
You, *Collatine* and good *Lucretius*,  
With eyes yet drown'd in teares, beare that chaste body  
Into the market place: that horred object,  
Shall kindle them with a most just revenge.

*Hor.* To see the father and the husband mourne  
Ore this chaste Dame, that have so well deserv'd  
Of *Rome* and them, then to infer the pride,  
The wrongs and the perpetuall tyranny  
Of all the *Tarquins*, *Servius Tullius* death,  
And his unnaturall usage by that Monster                      revenge.  
*Tullia* the Queene. All these shall well concurre in a combin'd

*Brn.* *Lucrece*, thy death weele mourne in glittering armes  
And plumed casques: beare that reverend load,  
Vnto the *Forum* where our force shall meeete  
To set upon the pallas, and expell  
This viperous brood from *Rome*: I know the people  
Will gladly imbrace our fortunes: *Scevola*,  
Go you and muster powers in *Brutus* name?  
*Valerius*, you assist him instantly,  
And to the mazed people freely speake the cause of this con-  
course.

*Val.* We go.

*Exeunt. Vale. & Sce.*

*Brn.*



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Bru.* And you dear Lord, whose speechlesse grief is bound-  
Turne all your teares with ours, to wrath and rage,      lesse.  
The hearts of all the *Tarquins* shall weepe blood  
Vpon the funerall Hearse, with whose chaste body,  
Honour your armes, and to h'assembled people,  
Disclose her innocent woundes : Gramecies Lords,

*A great shout and a flourish with drums and Trumpets*

That universal shout tels me their words  
Are gracious with the people, and their troopes  
Are ready imbatteld, and expect but us  
To lead them on, *For* give our fortunes speed.  
Weele murder, murder, and bafe rape shall bleed.

*Alarum, Enter in the fight Tarquin and Tullia flying,  
pursued by Brutus, and the Romans march with Drum and  
Colors, Porfenna, Aruns, Sextus, Tarquin, and Tullia  
meets and joynes with them : To them Brutus and the Romans  
with Drum and souldiers : they make a stand.*

*Bru.* Even thus farre Tyrant have we dog'd thy steps,  
Frighting thy Queene and thee with horrid Steele :

*Tar.* Lodg'd in the safetie of *Porfennas* armes,  
Now Traytor *Brutus* we dare front thy pride :

*Hor.* *Porfenna* th'art unworthy of a scepter,  
To shelter pride, lust, rape, and tyrannie,  
Int that proud Prince and his confederate Peeres.

*Sex.* Traytors to heaven : to *Tarquin*, Rome and us,  
Treason to Kings doth stretch even to the Gods,  
And those high Gods that take great Rome in charge,  
shall punish your rebellion.

*Col.* Oh Devill *Sextus*, speake not thou of Gods,  
Nor cast those false and fained eyes to heaven,  
Whose rape the furies must torment in Hell,  
of *Lucrece*, *Lucrece*.

*See.* Her chaste blood still cries for vengeance to the Ethe-  
rial deities.

*Luc.* Oh 'twas a foule deed *Sextus*.

*Val.*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Val.* And thy shame shall be eternall and out live her fame.

*Ar.* Say *Sextus* lov'd her, was she not a woman,  
I, and perhaps was willing to be forc'd,  
Must you being privat subjects dare to Ring  
Warres loud alarum gainst your potent King?

*Por.* *Brutus* therein thou dost forget thy selfe,  
And wrong'st the glory of thine Ancestors, stayning thy  
blood with Treason.

*Bru.* *Tuscan* know the Consull *Brutus* is their powerfull  
foe.

*All Tarquine.* Consull.

*Hor.* I consull and the powerfull hand of Rome  
Grasps his imperiall sword: the name of King  
The Tyrant *Tarquins* have made odious  
Vnto this nation and the generall knee  
Of this our warlike people, now low bends  
To royall *Brutus* where the Kings name ende.

*Bru.* Now *Sextus* wher's the Oracle, when I kist  
My Mother earth it plainly did foretell,  
My Noble vertues did thy sinne exceed;  
*Brutus* should sway, and lust burnt *Tarquin* bleed.

*Val.* Now shall the blood of *Servius*, fall as heavie  
As a huge mountaine on your Tyrant heads, ore whelming  
all your glorie.

*Hor.* *Tullia's* guilt, shall be by us reveng'd, that in her pride  
In blood paternall, her rough coach-wheeles di'd.

*Luc.* Your Tyrannies:

*Ser.* Pride.

*Col.* And my *Lucrece* fate, shall all be swallowed in this  
hostile hate.

*Sex.* Oh *Romulus*, thou that first reard yon walles  
In sight of which we stand, in thy soft boosome  
Is hugg'd, the nest in which the *Tarquins* build;  
Within the branches of thy lofty spires  
*Tarquin* shall pearch, or where he once hath stood,  
His high built airy shall be drown'd in blood;  
Alarum then *Brutus* by heaven I vow,  
My sword shall prove thou nere wast made till now.



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Bru.* *Sextus*, my madnesse with your lives expires,  
Thy sensuall eyes are fixt upon that wall,  
Thou nere shall enter, Rome confines you all.

*Por.* A charge then.

*Tar.* *Love* and *Tarquin*.

*Hor.* But we crie a *Brutus*.

*Bru.* *Lucrece*, fame and victory.

*Alarum*, the Romans are beaten off.

*Alarum*, Enter *Brutus*, *Horatius Valerius*, *Scioola*,  
*Lucretius* and *Collatine*.

*Bru.* Thou *Ioviall* hand hold up thy Scepter high,  
And let not Iustice be oppress't with Pride,  
Oh you *Penates* leave not Rome and us;  
Graspt in the purple hands of death and ruine, the *Tarquins*  
have the best.

*Hor.* Yet stand, my foote is fixt upon this bridge; *Tiber*,  
Thy arched streames shall be chang'd crimson, with  
The Roman blood before I budge from hence.

*See.* *Brutus* retire, for if thou enter Rome  
We are all lost, stand not on valour now,  
But save thy people, let's survive this day,  
To trie the fortunes of another field.

*Val.* Breake downe the Bridge least the pursuing enemy  
Enter with us and take the spoile of Rome.

*Hor.* Then breake behinde me, for by heaven il'e grow  
And roote my foote as deepe as to the center, before I leave  
this passage.

*Luc.* Come your mad.

*Col.* The foe comes on, and we in trifling heere, hazard  
our selfe and people.

*Hor.* Save them all, to make Rome stand, *Horatius* here will  
fall.

*Bru.* We would not loose thee, do not brest thy selfe  
'Gainst thousands, if thou front'st them, thou art ring'd  
With million swords and darts, and we behind  
Must breake the Bridge of *Tyber* to save Rome.  
Before thee infinite gaze on thy face.

And

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

And menace death, the raging streames of *Tyber* are at thy  
backe to swallow thee.

*Hor.* Retire, to make *Rome* live, tis death that I desire.

*Bru.* Then farewell dead *Horatius*, thinke in us

The univiersall arme of Potent *Rome*,

Takes his last leave of thee in this embrace. *All-embrace him.*

*Hor.* Farewell.

*All.* Farewell.

*Bru.* These arches all must downe to interdict their passage  
through the towne.

*Exeunt.*

*Alarum, Enter Tarquin, Porfenna, and Aruns with  
their pikes and Targeters.*

*All.* Enter, enter, enter. *A noise of knocking downe the bridge.*

*Hor.* Sofr *Tarquin*, See a bullwarke to the bridge, (*within.*  
You first must passe, the man that entres here  
Must make his passage through *Horatius* brest,  
See with this Target do I buckler *Rome*, (*Kings.*

And with this sword defie the puissant army of two great

*Por.* One man to face an host!

Charge souldiers, of full forty thousand Romans

Theres but one daring hand against your host,

To keep you from the sacke or spoile of *Rome*, charge, charge.

*Aruns.* Vpon them Souldiers, *Alarum, Alarum.*

*Enter in severall places, Sextus and  
Valerius above.*

*Sex.* Oh cowards slaves, and vassals, what not enter?

Was it for this you plac'd my regiment

Vpon a hill to be the sad spectator

Of such a generall cowardise? *Tarquin, Aruns,*

*Porfenna*, souldiers passe *Horatius* quickly,

For they behind him wil devolve the bridge,

And raging *Tyber* that's impassible,

Your hoast must swimme before you conquer *Rome*.

*Val.* Yet stand *Horatius*, beare but one brunt more,

The arched bridge shall sinke upon his piles.

And in his fall list thy renown to heaven.

*Sex.* Yet enter.



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Val.* Dear *Horatius*, yet stand and save a million by one powerfull hand.

*Alarm, and the falling of the Bridge.*

*Aruns and all.* Charge, charge, charge.

*Sex.* Degenerate slaves, the Bridge isaine, Rome's lost.

*Vale.* *Horatius*, thou art stronger then their hoste,  
Thy strength is valour, theirs are idle braves,  
Now save thy self, and leap into the waves.

*Hor.* *Porstenna, Tarquin*, now wade past your depths  
And enter Rome, I feel my body sinke  
Beneath my ponderous weight, Rome is preserv'd,  
And now farewell; for he that follows me  
Must search the bottome of this raging stream,  
Fame with thy golden wings renowne my Crest,  
And Tyber take me on thy silver brest.

*Exit.*

*Por.* Hee's leapt off from the bridge and drowind himself.

*Sex.* You are deceiv'd, his spirit soares too high  
To be choakt in with the base element  
Of water, lo he swims arm'd as he was,  
Whilst all the army have discharg'd their arrows;  
Of which the shield upon his back sticks full.

*shoot and flourish.*

And hark, the shout of all the multitude  
Now welcoms him a land : *Horatius* fame  
Hath chekt our armies with a generall shame,  
But come, to morrows fortune must restore  
This scandall, which I of the Gods implore.

*Por.* Then we must finde another time faire Prince  
To scourge these people, and revenge your wrongs.  
For this night ile betake me to my tent.

*A Table and Lights in the tent.*

*Tar.* And we to ours, to morrow wee'll renowne  
Our army with the spoile of this rich Towne.

*Exit Tarquin cum suis.*

*Enter Secretary.*

*Por.* Our Secretary.

*Secret.*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Secret.* My Lord.

*Por.* Command Lights and Torches in our Tents.

*Enter souldiers with Torches.*

And let a guard ingirt our safety round,  
Whilst we debate of Military businesse:  
Come, sit and let's consult.

*Enter Scevola disguised.*

*Scev.* *Horatius*, famous for defending Rome,  
But we ha done nought worthy *Scevola*,  
Nor a Roman: I in this disguise  
Have past the army and the puissant guard  
Of King *Porfenna*: this should be his tent;  
And in good time, now fate direct my strength  
Against a King, to free great Rome at length.

*Secret.* Oh I am slain, treason, treason.

*Porfen.* Villaine what hast thou done?

*Scevo.* Why slain the King.

*Porfen.* What King?

*Scevo.* *Porfenna*.

*Porfen.* *Porfenna* lives to see thee tortured,  
With plagues more divellish then the pains of Hell.

*Sce.* Oh too rash *Mutius*, hast thou mist thy aime?  
And thou base hand that didst direct my Pontard  
Against a Pefants brest, behold thy error  
Thus I will punish: I will give thee freely  
Vnto the fire, nor will I wear a limbe,  
That with such rashnesse shall offend his Lord.

*Por.* What will the madman do?

*Sce.* *Porfenna* so, punish my hand thus, for not killing thee.  
Three hundred noble lads beside my self  
Have vow'd to all the gods that patron Rome,  
Thy ruine for supporting tyranny:  
And though I fail, expect yet every houre,  
When some strange fate thy fortunes will devoure.

*Por.* Stay Roman, we admire thy constancy,  
And scorne of fortune, go, return to Rome,  
We give thee life, and say, The king *Porfenna*,



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Whose life thou seek'st is in this honorable,  
Passe freely, guard him to the walls of Rome,  
And were we not so much ingagde to *Tarquin*,  
We would not lift a hand against that nation that breeds  
such noble spirits. *Exit.*

*Sceuv.* Well. I go, and for revenge take life even of my foe.

*Porf.* Conduct him safely : what 300 Gallants  
Sworne to our death, and all resolv'd like him!  
Weele prove for *Tarquin*, if they faile our hopes,  
Peace shall be made with Rome, but first our secretary  
Shall have his rights of Funerall, then our shield  
We must addresse next for to morrowes field. *Exit.*

*Enter Brutus, Horatius, Valerius, Collatine,*  
*Lucrece Marching.*

*Brn.* By thee we are Consull, and still govern Rome,  
Which but for thee, had bin dispoild and tane,  
Made a confus'd heape of men and stones,  
Swimming in bloud and slaughter, deare *Horatius*  
Thy noble picture shall be carv'd in brasse,  
And fixt for thy perpetuall memory in our high Capitoll.

*Hor.* Great Consull Thankes, but leaving this, lets  
March out of the Citie.

And once more bid them battell on the plaines.

*Val.* This day my soule divines we shall live free  
From all the furious *Tarquins* : but wheres *Scevola* ? we see  
not him to day.

*Enter Scevola.*

Here Lords, behold me handleffe as you see.  
The cause I mist *Porfenna* in his tent,  
And in his stead kild but his secretary.  
The moved King when he beheld me punish  
My rash mistake, with losse of my right hand,  
Vnbeg'd and almost scorn'd he gave me life.  
Which I had then refus'd, but in desire to venge faire *Lucrece*  
Rape. *Soft alarum.*

*Hor.* Deare *Scevola* thou hast exceeded us in our resolve,  
But will the *Tarquins* give us present battell?

*See.*

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*See.* That may ye heare, the Skirmish is begun already,  
twixt the horse.

*Luc.* Then noble Consull lead our maine Battell on.

*Bru.* Oh Love this day ballance our cause, and let her innocent  
bloud, destroy the heads of all the *Tarquins*, see this day  
In her cause do we consecrate our lives.

And in defence of Iustice now march on:

I heare their Martiall musique, be our shock

As terrible as are the meeting clouds

That breake in thunder, yet our hopes are faire,

And this rough charge shall all our hopes repaire.

*Exeunt, Alarum battell within.*

*Enter Porfenna and Aruns.*

*Porfen.* Yet grow our losfy plumes unflag'd with bloud,  
And yet sweet pleasure wantons in the aire: How goes the  
battell *Aruns*?

*Aru.* Tis even balanst, I enter chang'd with *Brutus* hand to  
hand a dangerous encounter, both are wounded, and had not  
the rude prease divided us, one had dropt downe to earth.

*Por.* Twas bravely fought: I saw the King your father free  
his person from Thousand Romans that begirt his state, where  
flying arrowes thick as attomes sung about his eares.

*Aru.* I hope a glorious day, come *Tuscan King* let's on  
them.

*Alarum,*  
*Enter Horatius and Valerius.*

*Hor.* *Aruns* stay, that sword that late did drinke the Consuls  
bloud, must with keene phang tire upon my flesh, or this on  
thine.

*Aruns.* It sparde the Consuls life to end thy dayes in a  
more glorious strife.

*Val.* I stand against thee *Tuscan*,

*Por.* I for thee.

*Hor.* Where ere I finde a *Tarquin* he's for me.

*Alarum, fight, Aruns slain, Porfenna Expulst,*

*Alarum, Enter Tarquin with an arrow in his brest, Tullia with  
him, persude by Collatine, Lucretius, Scevola.*

Since



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Tar.* Faire *Tullia* leave me, save thy selfe by flight,  
Since mine is desperate, behold I am wounded  
Even to the death: there staves within my tent  
A winged Iennet, mount his back and fly,  
Live to revenge my death since I must die.

*Tul.* Had I the heart to tread upon the bulke  
Of my dead father, and to see him slaughtered,  
Only for the love of *Tarquin* and a Crown,  
And shall I fear death more then losse of both?  
No, this is *Tullia's* fame, rather then fly  
From *Tarquin*, 'mongst a thousand swords sheel dy.

*All.* Hew them to pieces both.

*Tar.* My *Tullia* save,  
And ore my caitiffe head those Meteors wave.

*Coll.* Let *Tullia* yeild then.

*Tul.* Yeild me, Cuckold no;  
Mercy I scorne, let me the danger know.

*See.* Vpon them then.

*Val.* Let's bring them to their fate,  
And let them perish in the peoples hate.

*Tul.* Fear not, Ile back thee husband.

*Tar.* But for thee,  
Sweet were the hand that this charg'd soul could free,  
Life I despise, let noble *Sextus* stand  
To avengc our death, even till these vitals end,  
Scorning my own, thy life will I defend.

*Tul.* And Ile sweet *Tarquin* to my power guard thine,  
Come on ye slaves and make this earth divine.

*Alarum, Tarquin and Tullia slaine.*

*Alarum, Brutus all bloody.*

*Brut.* *Aruns*, this crimson favour for thy sake,  
Ile weare upon my forehead maskt with blood,  
Till all the moysture in the *Tarquins* veines  
Be spilt upon the earth, and leave thy body  
As dry as the parcht Summer, burnt and scorcht with the Ca-  
nicular stars.

*Hor.* *Aruns* lies dead,  
By this brigh sword that towr'd about his head.

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*Col.* And see great Consull, where the pride of *Rome* lies  
funke and fallen.

*Val.* Besides him lies the Queen mangled and hewn a-  
mongst the Roman Souldiers.

*Hor.* Lift up their slaughter'd bodies, help to rear them a-  
gainst this hill in view of all the Camp.

This sight will be a terrour to the foe, and make them  
yeild or fly.

*Brn.* But wher's the Ravisher, injurious *Sextus*, that we see  
not him?

*Short Alarum.*

*Enter Sextus.*

*Sex.* Through broken spears, crackt swords, unboweld steeds,  
Flaude armors, mangled limbs, and batter'd casks,  
Knee deep in blood, I ha pierst the Roman host to be my  
Fathers rescue.

*Hor.* 'Tis too late, his mounting pride's sunk in the peo-  
ples hate.

*Sex.* My Father, Mother, Brother! fortune, now  
I do defie thee, I expose my self  
To horrid danger, safety I despise:  
I dare the worst of perill, I am bound.  
On till this pile of flesh be all one wound.

*Val.* Begirt him Lords, this is the Ravisher,  
Ther's no revenge for *Lucrece* till he fall.

*Luc.* Cease *Sextus* then:

*Sex.* *Sextus* defies you all; yet will you give me lan-  
guage ere I die.

*Brn.* Say on.

*Sex.* 'Tis not for mercy, for I scorne that life  
That's given by any, and the more to adde  
To your immense unmeasurable hate,  
I was the spur unto my fathers pride,  
'Twas I that aw'd the Princes of the land;  
That made thee *Brutus* mad, these discontent:  
I ravisht the chaste *Lucrece*; *Sextus* I,  
Thy daughter, and thy wife, *Brutus* thy Cousin.  
Allide indeed to all; 'twas for my Rape,

L

Her



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

Her constant hand ript up her innocent brest, 'twas *Sextus* did  
all this.

*Col.* Which ile revenge.

*Hor.* Leave that to me.

*Luc.* Old as I am Ile doo't.

*Sec.* I have one hand left yet, of strength enough to kill  
a Ravisher.

*Sex.* Come all at once, I all; yet heare me *Brutus*,  
Thou art honourable,  
And my words tend to thee: My father dide  
By many hands, What's he mongst you can challenge  
The least, I smallest honour in his death?  
If I be kill'd among this hostile throng,  
The poorest snakie souldier well may claime  
As much renowne in noble *Sextus* death,  
As *Brutus*, thou, or thou *Horatius*:  
I am to die, and more then die I cannot,  
Rob not your selves of honour in my death.  
When the two mightiest spirics of *Greece* and *Troy*,  
Tug'd for the mastery, *Hector* and *Achillis*,  
Had puissant. *Hector* by *Achillis* hand,  
Dide in single monomachie, *Achillis*  
Had bin the Worthy: but being slain by odds,  
Ther poorest *Mirmidon* had as much honour  
As faint *Achillis* in the *Trojans* death.

*Bru.* Hadst thou not done a deed so execrable  
That gods and men abhorre, ide love thee *Sextus*,  
And hug thee for this challenge breath'd so freely:  
Behold, I stand for *Rome* as Generall,  
Thou of the *Tarquins* doest alone survive,  
The head of all these garboyles, the chief actor  
Of that black sin, which we chastise by armes.  
Brave Romans, with your bright swords be our lists,  
And ring us in, none dare to offend the Prince  
By the least touch, lest he incurre our wrath:  
This honour do your Consull, that his hand  
May punish this arch-mischiefe, that the times  
Succeeding may of *Brutus* thus much tell,

By

*The Rape of Lucrece.*

By him, Pride, Lust, and all the *Tarquins* fell.

*Sex.* To ravish *Lucrece* Cuckold *Collatine*,  
And spill the chastest blood that ever ran  
In any Matrons vaines, repents me not  
So much as to ha wrong'd a Gentleman  
So noble as the Consull in this strife.

*Brutus* be bold, thou fights with one scornes life.

*Br.* And thou with one, that lesse then his renown,  
Priseth his blood, or *Romes* imperiall Crowne.

*Alarum*, a fierce fight with sword and target,  
then after pause and breathe.

*Br.* *Saxus* stand faire, much honor shall I win  
To revenge *Lucrece*, and chastise thy sin.

*Sex.* I repent nothing, may I live or die,  
Though my blood fall, my spirit shall mount on hie.

*Alarum*, fight with single swords, and being deadly wounded and  
panting for breath, making a streak at each together with  
their gantlets they fall.

*Hor.* Both slaine! Oh noble *Brutus*, this thy fame  
To after ages shall survive; thy body  
shall have a faire and gorgious Sepulchre:  
For whom the Matrons shall in funerall black  
Mourn twelue sad Moones, thou that first govern'd  
And swaid the people by a Consuls name. (*Rome*,  
These bodies of the *Tarquins* wee le commit  
Vnto the funerall pile: you *Collatine*  
Shall succeed *Brutus*, in the Consuls place,  
Whom with this Lawrell wreath we here create.

*Crowne him with a Lawrell.*

Such is the peoples voyce, accept it then.

*Col.* We do, and may our powre so just appeare,  
*Rome* may have peace, both with our love and feare.  
But soft, what march is this?



## The Rape of Lucrece.

*Flourish. Porfenna, Drum, Collatine and  
Souldiers.*

*Por.* The *Tuscan* King, seeing the *Tarquins* slain,  
Thus arm'd and battell'd offers peace to *Rome* :  
To confirm which, Wele give you present hostage ;  
If you deny, Wele stand upon our guard,  
And by the force of armes, maintain our own.

*Val.* After to much confusion and large waste  
Of *Rome* in blood, the name of peace is welcome :  
Since of the *Tarquins* none remain in *Rome*,  
And *Lucrece* Rape is now reveng'd at full,  
'Twere good to entertain *Porfenna's* League.

*Col.* *Porfenna* we imbrace, whose Royall presence  
Shall grace the Confull to the funerall pile.

March on to *Rome*, loe be our guard and guide,  
That hath in us, veng'd Rape, and punish'd Pride.

*Exeunt.*

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## To the Reader.

**B**Ecause we would not that any mans expectation should be deceived in the ample Printing of this Book : Lo, ( Gentle Reader ) we have inserted these few Songs, which were added by the stranger that lately acted *Valerius* his part, in forme following.

The

The Cryes of R O M E.

**T**Hus go the cries in Rome faire towne,  
First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Round and sound all of a collar,

Buy a very fine marking stone, marking stone,

Round and sound all of a collar;

Buy a very fine marking stone a very very fine.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Bread and — meat — bread — and meat

For the — ten — der — mercy of God to the

poore p is — ners of Newgate, foure-  
score and ten — poore — prisoners.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Salt — salt — white wor — ster shire salt,

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Buy a very fine Mouse-trap, or a tormentor  
for your Fleaes.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Kitchin-stuffe maids,

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

Ha you any wood to cleave ?

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.

I ha white Radish, white

hard Lettice, white young Onions.

Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,

First they go up street, and then they go downe.



*The Rape of Lucrece.*

*1 ha Rock-Sampier, Rock-Sampier.*

*Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,*

*First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*Buy a Mat, a Mil.mat,*

*Mat, a Hasock for your pew,*

*A stopple for a close stoole,*

*Or a Pesock to thrust your feet in.*

*Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,*

*First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*Whiting maids whiting.*

*Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,*

*First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*Hot fine Oat-cakes, hot.*

*Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,*

*First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*Small-Coales here.*

*Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,*

*First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*Will you buy any Milke to day.*

*Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,*

*First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*Lanthorne and Candle light here*

*Maid, a light here.*

*Thus go the cries in Rome faire towne,*

*First they go up street, and then they go downe.*

*Here lies a company of very poore*

*women, in the dark dungeon,*

*Hungry cold and comfortlesse night and day,*

*Pity the poore women in the dark dungeon.*

*Thus go the cries where they do house them,*

*First they come to the grate, and then*

*They go loose them.*

# The Rape of Lucrece.

## The second Song.

Arise, arise, my Iuggie my Puggie,  
arise get up my dear,  
The weather is cold, it blowes, it snowes,  
oh let me be lodged here.

My Iuggie my Puggie my hony my cony,  
my love, my dove, my deare,  
Oh oh, the weather is cold, it blowes, it snowes,  
oh oh, let me lodged here.

Begon, begon, my Willie, my Billie,  
begon, begon my deare,  
The weather is warme, 'twill do thee no harme,  
thou canst not be lodged here.

My Willy, my Billie, my hony my cony,  
my love, my dove, my deare,  
Oh oh, the weather is warme, 'twill do thee no harm  
oh oh, thou canst not be lodged here.

Farewell, farewell, my Iuggie, my Puggie,  
farewell, farewell my deare,  
Then will I begon from whence that I came,  
if I cannot be lodged here.

My Iuggie my Puggie, my hony, my cony,  
my love, my dove, my deare,  
Oh oh, then will I be gone, from whence that I came,  
oh oh, if I cannot be lodged here.

Returne, returne my Willy, my Billy,  
returne my dove and my deare,  
The weather doth change, then seeme not strange,  
thou shalt be lodged here.

My Willie, my Bille, my hony, my cony.  
my love, my dove, my deare,  
Oh oh, the weather doth change then seem not strange,  
oh oh, and thou shalt be lodged here.

FINIS.



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